The Outlook

DECEMBER 28, 1921

BOSTON FALLS TO THE LEVEL OF NEW YORK AND CHICAGO

FOR the last four years the city of Boston has been able to point a finger of municipal scorn at its sister cities New York and Chicago, for Boston has been under the authority of an excellent Mayor, while New York and Chicago have suffered under the respective rules of Hylan and Thompson.

But the days of Boston's superiority are over. It has chosen as its next Mayor James M. Curley, once convicted of an attempt to defraud the United States by the impersonation of another man at a Civil Service examination. For this he was sentenced to serve two months in jail. By the act of the Boston electorate he has now been sentenced to four years in the Mayor's office in the capital city of Massachusetts. It is needless to say that Curley, while opposed by practically all Boston papers, was supported ardently by Hearst's "American." This ought to give the citizens of Boston a still closer sympathy with those of New York and Chicago, where similar support ended in similar results. It may be added that Curley was also supported by an organization of former patrolmen who were ousted from the force after the historic strike which made Vice-President Coolidge a National figure.

FORESTRY PROBLEMS

COLONEL GREELEY, United States Forester, in his annual report lays down two principles which, as he justly says, are necessary to any legislative proposals. The first is that, because of the long-term nature of timber crops, the public has an interest in forest lands not common to most forms of private property and more comparable to its interest in the operation of recognized public utilities. The second principle is that timber production is an economic process, governed by economic laws, and hence the requirements imposed upon forest owners must be equitable and practicable from a business standpoint.

Timber owners face two facts which militate against their business. One is taxes. There is still an inveterate disposition to regard forest lands as annually taxable instead of as taxable on the cutting of the crop. Readjustment in this direction would certainly encourage the growing of successive timber crops on otherwise useless lands.

The other fact is danger from fire. Enormous areas have been burned over. As Mr. Pack, President of the American Forestry Association, recently said in an article in The Outlook, "Forest fires will destroy in a few days what it has taken nature from fifty years to a century to build," and again: "During the past five years a forest area greater than that covered by all the New England States has been destroyed by fire."

When to this is added the area of cut-over lands, we find that over five-sixths of our original timber area has been burned or cut over. Our denuded and unproductive forest lands should be restored to usefulness; in addition, as the Forest Service report says, we must keep fully productive the virgin stands of timber still left to us. It is no more logical for a country to have idle lands than to have idle citizens.

SINN FEIN VERSUS SINN FEIN

THE situation as to the establishing of the Irish Free State was on December 20 that the Dail Eireann still, after two days' session, was debating earnestly and somewhat acrimoniously the question of ratifying the agreement signed by all their delegates at the London conference except Mr. De Valera. The hope of the best and truest friends Ireland has is still strong that Ireland's opportunities will not be destroyed by dissension in the ranks of the Sinn Fein.

Curiously enough, the strongest speech against acceptance was not from De Valera, but from Mr. Robert Barton, who signed the treaty, as he declares, under moral force. According to his view as reported, Lloyd George refused to allow the terms to be referred back to the Dail Eireann, and gave the delegation until ten o'clock to make up their minds. Barton says that he and Gavan Duffy were against signing, but Griffith, Collins, and Duggan were for it, so he signed "rather than commit the Irish people to war without consultation." De Valera talked a great deal about the delegates having exceeded their powers.

To those outside the Sinn Fein it seems to make little difference whether the Dail Eireann should ratify the terms before the delegates signed or after; in either case, unfortunately, repudiation by the Dail Eireann would break the agreement unless a popular vote in Southern Ireland should reverse their action.

The strong speech of the two days' sessions was that of Michael Collins. He asserted positively that the treaty was not signed under personal intimidation, and urged that the treaty gives the Irish Free State such powers that it could even send an Ambassador to the United States, that it satisfied Irish aspirations for security and freedom, and that economically it was a splendid opportunity for Ireland. And he exclaimed: "Are we to keep ourselves in slavery and subjection for the sake of keeping up an impossible fight?"

The British Parliament accepted the plan by a sweeping majority—401 to 58 for ratification in the House of Commons and 160 to 47 in the Lords. The scene when the two houses listened to the reading of the King's speech opening Parliament was one of unusual splendor.

It was impressive to note that some of the older Unionist leaders were among the strongest advocates of the treaty. It was actually amusing to hear Lord Birkenhead, for instance, refer to his old Ulster leader, Lord Carson, as acting like "a hysterical schoolgirl." Mr. Bonar Law, official Unionist leader, was equally strong for the treaty. Lloyd George with much moderation and without any appeal to sentiment or any rhetorical exuberance laid the whole case before Parliament in a convincing manner.

THE GUATEMALAN GOVERNMENT

FOR twenty-two years before April last the Government of Guatemala practically consisted of President Manuel Estrada Cabrera, a man of marked administrative ability.

True, there was a legislative branch, the National Assembly. But it was packed with Cabrera's creatures, his beneficiaries. Friendly critics called Cabrera "a conscientious man with the best of purposes," but it must be said that, though he did carry out some public improvements, his rule was, in general, despotic and ruthless.

Yet even the Guatemalan worm is not unturnable. The President's opponents obtained increasing representation in the National Assembly. Eight months ago the people rose, turned the dictator out, imprisoned him, and the Assembly actually declared him irresponsible.

The rule of Cabrera's successor in the Presidency, Carlos Herrera, has been liberal and far-sighted. He is a large coffee and sugar plantation owner and supposed to be the second richest man in the country (Cabrera being the first). Herrera reformed the schools, the army, and the tariff and made an unprecedented effort to enforce the laws. His Government was duly recognized by

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ours, and in September he was regularly elected President by an overwhelming vote.

All these reforms and successes, however, irritated the reactionaries, who appealed to soldiers and civilians alike, alleging that great injustice was being done to Cabrera and to his property by his continued imprisonment.

So, in his turn, Herrera has now been overthrown—and in the good old Latin-American style! In the fighting some twenty-five men were killed. At this point, to avoid further bloodshed, the President surrendered to a "Junta del Gobierno," consisting of three generals. One of them, General Orellana, has now been designated Provisional President.

The revolt is disturbing not only Guatemala but also her neighbors, Honduras and Salvador. Two months ago, largely to rid themselves of sudden revolts by military minorities, the three republics bound themselves together in a Central American Union. The Guatemalan revolt may have a disastrous effect upon the Union.

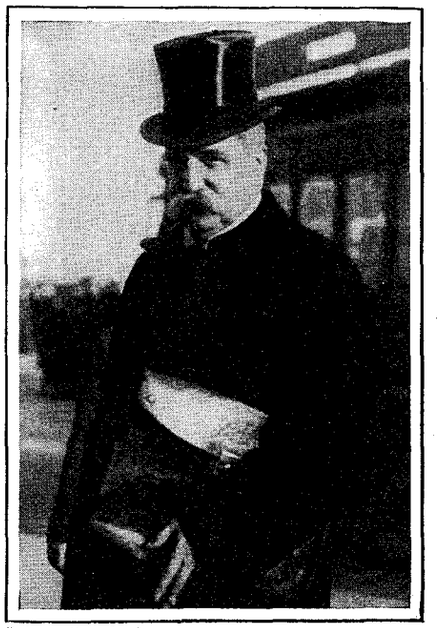
FINNISH CHILDREN

As in other countries hard hit by the war, so in Finland the number of neglected and undernourished children may be counted by the hundred thousand. Yet all Finnish boys and girls must be trained to become good citizens if Finland's future security as an independent republic is to be assured.

In January, 1919, General Mannerheim, then Regent of Finland, set aside 50,000 Finnish marks (and they were worth a good deal then) to promote undertakings for the care and training of children who had lost their guardians during the war. The wisdom of this course was at once apparent, and later a League for the Welfare of the Children of Finland was founded, which now has over twelve thousand members. The particularly interesting feature in this League is that it includes in its administrative scope all the various ramifications of child welfare from prenatal care up to the education of the eighteen-year-older. Its two main divisions are (1) the promotion of the rational care of infants and very young children, and (2) the co-ordination, direction, and strengthening of measures for the moral education and training of older children. This special work has been so well received, we are interested to note, as to receive a substantial grant from the national exchequer.

THE NOBEL PEACE PRIZE

It is officially announced that the Nobel Peace Prize for 1921 is to be divided between Hjalmar Branting,



International

HJALMAR BRANTING, PRIME MINISTER OF SWEDEN, WINNER OF A NOBEL PRIZE

Prime Minister of Sweden, and Christian Lange, of Norway, Secretary of the Interparliamentary Union.

Of these two, the first is by far the better known. He is one of the most prominent Socialists of our time. He is sixty-one years old and is by profession a journalist. He has been editor of the "Social Demokraten," of Stockholm. It seemed incredible to aristocratic and conservative Swedes—and they are more aristocratic and conservative than in the other Scandinavian countries—that a Socialist should ever become the Swedish Premier. Yet it so happened. Last March King Gustaf actually asked Hjalmar Branting to form a Cabinet. It remained in office until October last. It was succeeded by two short-lived Cabinets, and now the Socialist is back again as Prime Minister. In his administrative work he has been greatly helped by experience in the Swedish Parliament. He entered that body a quarter of a century ago, the first Socialist ever to enter it. So efficient did he prove that he has been re-elected in each succeeding campaign. But his influence quite outruns national bounds. It has been felt in Great Britain at labor conferences; in Russia in opposition to the Prinkipo recognition of the Bolsheviki and to the dictatorship of the proletariat; and finally, in Germany, in republican propaganda.

Christian Lange is a Norwegian by birth. He is fifty-two years old. For many years as Secretary of the Interparliamentary Union he has been of real force in that excellent organization. He is the author of many volumes in advocacy of peace movements.

THE CARUSO FOUNDATION

When Enrico Caruso died, there arose a spontaneous and popular movement to establish something worthy of his memory. Under the leadership of Dr. Antonio Stella, the movement has now taken a definite shape and is supported by a committee consisting of public-spirited men and women, patrons of art and eminent musical artists; among the last named we note Paderewsky, Stransky, Walter Damrosch, Monteux, McCormick, Auer, Bauer, Schumann-Heink, Galli-Curci, and Sembrich.

These persons propose a million-dollar endowment fund. It is planned to spend half the income from this fund for scholarships and awards, based on competitive tests, for promising students of music. Of the amount available for these scholarships and awards, half would be applied for training in voice culture and the other half for training in instrumental music and, we are glad to add, in musical composition.

The remaining income would be devoted to the development of a wider appreciation of music in America by initiating or assisting those activities which tend to aid the more serious musical forms and help to promote the education and entertainment of the public in music.

A GREAT UNDERTAKING

America has given already to the world a Jewish Encyclopædia and a Catholic Encyclopædia. It is now proposing to provide for English-speaking scholars an Encyclopædia of Christianity. The preparations for this work have been so far advanced as to give assurance to the public that the undertaking will be carried forward to success. It is expected that it will require six years to complete the work, and when completed it will fill twelve large volumes, which will be quite fully illustrated. It is intended that this encyclopædia shall cover the entire field of historical and doctrinal Christianity, including not only its theological and ecclesiastical aspects, but its physical and social aspects as well. The distinctive doctrines of the various Christian denominations will be defined by their advocates. The history of the Christian Church from its cradle in Palestine in the first century to the present day will give biographies of the great Christian leaders of history. Its editors have been selected: Professor Bacon, of Yale University; Professor Hatch, of the Episcopal Theological School in Cambridge; Professor Rockwell, of Union Theological Seminary in New York City; and Professor Ayer, of the Episcopal Divinity School in Philadelphia. Their selection furnishes adequate guaranty of the

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THE SESSIONS SHALL PROCEED

(Winter's Tale, Act III, Scene 2)

Kirby in the New York World

"THE WEARIN' O' THE GREEN"

Berryman in the Washington Evening Star

THE DRUM MAJOR AND HIS BAND PART COMPANY

From Rev. A. C. Barrows, Washington, D. C.

Sykes in the Buffalo Commercial

"LET'S GET GOING!"

From Mrs. F. A. Goldthwaite, Buffalo, N. Y.

Perry in the Portland Oregonian

WE UNDERSTOOD THIS WAS TO BE A BEAR-HUNTING EXPEDITION

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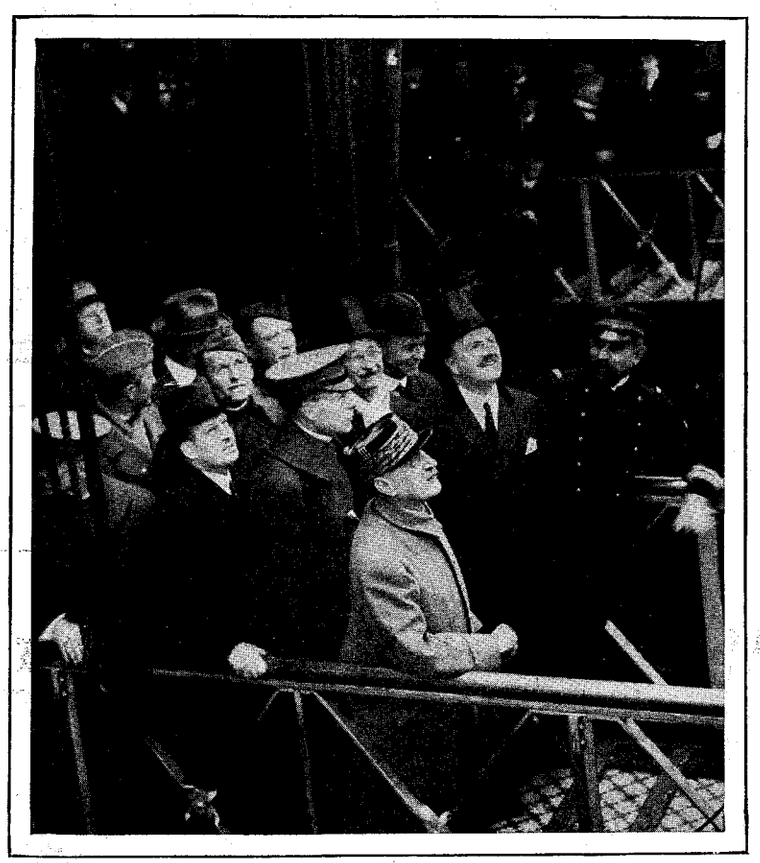
GOLD MEDAL DESIGNED BY ROBERT AITKEN, N.A., PRESENTED TO MARSHAL FOCH BY THE AMERICAN NUMISMATIC SOCIETY ON THE OCCASION OF THE LAYING OF THE CORNER-STONE OF THE NEW BUILDING OF THE ACADEMY OF ARTS AND LETTERS, NEW YORK CITY

(C) Dorr News Service. Photograph by Ward

scholarship and non-partisanship which will characterize the work. This editorial staff will be aided by a great variety of contributors, many of whom have already promised to co-operate. Expectation of success is increased because the publisher, Mr. Robert Appleton, carried through successfully the publication of the Catholic Encyclopædia. A considerable proportion of the money needed to begin such an enterprise has already been secured. One hundred dollars makes the subscriber a founder. Numbered among the founders are President Harding and ex-President Taft. The interest of foreign missionaries in this plan is indicated by the fact that among the early contributors are two American missionaries in China.

We welcome this evidence of Christian energy and enterprise in the United States and hope hereafter to speak a little more at length of the nature, difficulties, and value of the undertaking.



International

MARSHAL FOCH BIDS GOOD-BY TO THE UNITED STATES

Taken just before the Paris sailed from New York on December 14. Marshal Foch in the foreground, with Mayor Hylan at his left

THE OLD TESTAMENT VINDICATED

THE Old Testament refers to Ethiopia as a great and strong country. It is not a strong country to-day, and has not been, indeed, for so long that some critics have supposed the Biblical references rather imaginative. But discoveries just made prove the contrary.

These discoveries were the work of the joint expedition undertaken by Harvard University and the Boston Museum of Fine Arts, and were made at Napata, in the Sudan. Napata was the ancient capital of Ethiopia. The tombs of twenty-four kings and twenty-nine queens of Ethiopia, buried for over two thousand years, have been brought to light with inscriptions giving a complete dynastic list and also giving information concerning the remarkable arts and crafts of the period.

The Old Testament brackets the Ethiopians with the Libyans; the discoveries show that the Ethiopian royal family sprang from a tribe of Libyan nomads who entered Ethiopia about a thousand years before our era.

Again, the mention of Tirhakah, King of Ethiopia, in the Second Book of Kings and in the book of Isaiah, comes to mind as we read of the unearthing at Napata of his burial chamber. Tirhaqa or Tirhakah was a notable king, and one of the five Ethiopian monarchs who also ruled over Egypt.

GOOD-BY TO MARSHAL FOCH

FERDINAND FOCH, Marshal of France, has gone home.

But the Marshal has not gone back alone. He is accompanied by one wildcat presented by the State of Wyoming; a stuffed game cock; ten dolls (given to him for his granddaughters); six swords (some are of gold and studded with diamonds); a key-chain with the key of every big city visited by him; canes, fountain pens, and gold pencils; two new uniforms, one being the full regalia of the Crow Indians and the other a Sioux uniform, together with bows and arrows, trinkets, and blankets made by the Indians; many medals, including the American Legion badge and the medal of which we present an illustration; several hundred feet of movie films donated by large picture concerns; certificates representing honorary member-

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ships in clubs and societies, together with more college degrees than were ever taken by any one in so short a space of time; finally, among other gifts, two automobiles.

But the chief thing which the Marshal took back was a greater measure of love and honor than has ever been shown to any foreigner in this country, save that other great Frenchman, Lafayette.

WAR OR LAW?

WHILE Ireland is laying aside guerrilla warfare to accept self-government, labor disputes in America are still fought out by strikes or lockouts, or by threats of strikes and intolerance toward organized labor. The war is not always one of blows, although actual violence has lately been committed in the milkmen's strike, the coal strike in Kansas, and the packer employees' strike. It is a war against the community when milk, coal, and meat are held back or raised in price while employers and workmen quarrel.

We have had, and still have, hopes of industrial betterment through such mutual relations as have been established by the Shop Committee plan in the large Chicago packing concerns. It gives employees a voice in the working and living conditions and tends to bring workers and employers into friendly relations. It is not acceptable to those labor leaders who accept the views of Mr. Samuel Gompers, because it is inconsistent with the closed-shop idea, for which the American Federation of Labor always contends. Is it consistent with the idea of a fair and honest open shop? Is it consistent with the two basic demands of organized labor—collective bargaining and the right of employees to bargain through any union men they may choose to represent them? Organized labor thinks not; but organized labor is not all labor, and the rest of labor has a word to say. In the packers' strike the union men are in the minority, yet they claim the right to govern.

It is because this industrial dispute in Chicago raises such questions that The Outlook has asked its industrial correspondent, Mr. Sherman Rogers, a warm friend of the Shop Committee idea, to tell our readers on another page about the Chicago situation. From another correspondent, a judicially minded student of economic and industrial conditions in Chicago, we have the following report, largely confirmatory of what Mr. Rogers says:

> Managers of Chicago packing-houses say the strike that started on November 28 has not seriously affected operations. In the plant of Armour & Co., according to company claims, but 400 of 6,500 employees obeyed the strike order. The proportion in other plants was said to be about the same. Union officials claim a much larger percentage of the workers quit their employment. They assert that the proportion on strike in other packing centers, such as Kansas City, Omaha, and South St. Paul, is much larger than in Chicago. However, failure of the strike in Chicago, the largest packing center, presumably would mean its general failure. The direct cause of the strike order was a reduction in wages which had been consented to by the general plan board of Armour & Co. An important underlying cause was union dislike of the Shop Committee plan which has been instituted by the packers. Union officials and their sympathizers say the Shop Committee plan is an effort to break up the established labor organizations. Spokesmen for the five large packing concerns in Chicago say that they will refuse offers of arbitration by the Government, which representatives of the unions are trying to bring about. The packers say production is nearly normal, and that the places of strikers have been filled. There was some disorder at the outset, especially on the part of women workers and sympathizers, but large numbers of policemen were put on duty at the yards and outbreaks of violence soon ceased. The stockyards unions in Chicago were badly demoralized prior to the strike as a result of internal dissensions. Therefore they were not in a position to conduct a strike effectively, especially in the face of present industrial conditions.
>
> The unions are very bitter against the packers and their new Shop Committee plan, and evidently the strike was a desperate last-stand protest which they could hardly have expected to succeed under present conditions. The unions were greatly weakened by internal dissensions before this strike was ordered.

Every attempt to harmonize labor and capital is admirable. Their interests are largely identical. Mr. John R. Commons in a book lately reviewed in The Outlook told of thirty concerns in which he found some form of industrial self-government. All this is striving toward an ideal. But until unions cease to be dogmatic and tyrannical when they have the power employers will try to oust them, and until employers recognize that the workers are part of the business and not part of the machinery labor will distrust attempts at conciliation. Meanwhile that innocent bystander, the consumer, not to speak of the unorganized worker, is between two fires and demands peace. He does not wish to wait until theories work out future harmony; he wants protection, and wants it now.

It is for this reason that many are turning their eyes in hope to the Kansas Industrial Court plan. Under Governor Allen's leadership, the law that instituted this Court gives it broad powers to require and enforce arbitration. At this very time a labor agitator is in jail in Kansas for disobeying the Court, and the agitation to free him is not by the unions but by rebels against the unions. Elsewhere in this issue will be found special correspondence on the Kansas situation. If this method of dealing with industrial disputes that affect primary products like coal and food and public utilities like railways is sound and stands the test of a United States Supreme Court decision, here may at last be seen that combination of arbitration and authority so long desired by many writers and thinkers.

Ultimately there must be authority to settle such disputes or the trend to Government ownership and Socialism will grow. But there must also be, together with law and authority, the peaceful frame of mind, the desire to do justice as well as to exact justice, the realization that workmen, whether organized or not, are in their way business men, not hostile hordes, and that employers, despite the jibe about soulless corporations, are increasingly humane and open-minded, and that they in large numbers are recognizing the idea of joint effort with labor for common improvement.

THE VALUE OF PLAY

"ALL work and no play makes Jack a dull boy," like most proverbs, contains a much more profound truth than is disclosed on the surface. Play is the first form of social intercourse that appears in animate life. Puppies play together long before they fight. School-children learn how to get on with one another in their games and plays. The rules and regulations which they themselves evolve out of their play contests are certainly much more important to them and perhaps more influential upon them than the rules and discipline of their parents or teachers.

The adult world for the most part has heretofore regarded athletics and play as something belonging to the leisure classes and to children. It has been a world with three-fourths of its population not knowing that the pursuit of happiness involves the right of every one to play—not knowing that the spirit of recreation, of fun, of relaxation, is universal and instinctive, and that from the cradle to the grave this instinct constantly seeks to exert itself and find natural expression.

In the field of education it was the perception of this truth that enabled Pestalozzi and Froebel to make their original and far-reaching innovations in the education of children. In the vernacular of American school and college athletics the phrase "a good sport" is as high an encomium as can be conferred

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upon a boy by his fellows. It means a boy of character, persistence, honor, and reliability, who is just and fair himself and expects justice and fairness from his associates. One of the happiest echoes of the recent Harvard-Yale football game was the statement by the captain of the Harvard team in a newspaper interview, that the only thing that detracted from his overwhelming joy at the Harvard victory was his realization of the disappointment of the Yale captain, who is widely known, not only at Yale, but at other colleges, for his fine sportsmanship. After the game the Harvard captain wrote to the Yale captain, saying how much he admired his spirit and leadership in the direction of fair play. It was an appreciation of the effect of fair play on character that led Theodore Roosevelt to phrase one of his best-known aphorisms—"Never flinch, never foul, but hit the line hard."

These observations are prompted by Miss Mayo's article, which appeared in last week's Outlook, "Fair Play for the World," and Mr. Elwood Brown's article, "Teaching the World to Play," which appears elsewhere in this issue. International sport conducted on the right lines and in the right spirit can do more than a score of diplomats to promote international understanding and friendliness. One of the striking results of this new conception of international play is its influence upon the International Olympic Committee. That body has adopted for future Olympics the separate-championship principle described in Mr. Brown's article. By this ruling no nation as such is declared winner, but separate championships are awarded in each sport. It is not thought fair to indicate by a tabulation of points won that a given country is inferior to another when a variety of conditions of population and training may make the mere accumulation of points impossible. The separate-championship plan has been used by the Y. M. C. A. in the Far Eastern Games since their origin and was most successfully applied to the Inter-Allied Games in Pershing Stadium following the armistice—games which were jointly organized and conducted by the American Expeditionary Forces and the Y. M. C. A.

The experience of Czechoslovakia in the Pershing Stadium is of international interest. Czechoslovakia had been torn and beset by war. Its physical education had been largely of the German type. As a consequence, while earnestly anxious to accept General Pershing's invitation, it hesitated to test its physical skill with more favored nations. The question of national pride with the new nation was uppermost. Czechoslovakia, however, did have one athletic unit, a soccer team, which it was willing to pit against any soccer team from any country. The contests at the Pershing Stadium were arranged on the separate-championship principle and not upon the point system. Czechoslovakia had the chance to win the soccer championship, but it had no chance whatever to accumulate even a respectable number of points on the general system of scoring. It therefore entered its soccer team and also made entries in many other events with the object that its men might learn rather than with the expectation that they would come off victors. The result was that Czechoslovakia won the soccer football championship of the Allied armies, defeating such splendid teams as those of France, Belgium, the United States, and Canada. This victory at once compensated for the defeats in other lines of sport and in a dramatic fashion called the attention of the Czechoslovakian people to the importance, the possibilities, and the glory of physical skill and fitness through games. The moral and stimulative effect was so great that the Czechoslovakian Government declared a national holiday on the day of the champion team's return home.

We do not think it an exaggeration to say that no work of the International Y. M. C. A. is more important than the work which it is now carrying on in the promotion of group play and athletics in the Near East. It deserves the sympathy and, as far as possible, the support of every believer in wholesome, virile, and yet friendly international relations.

THE CHIEF TASK BEFORE CONGRESS

CONGRESS has entered upon its chief task—to pay the Government's bills.

In this it has been immensely helped by the new Budget Act. That act, we take it, pre-supposes our Government to be a great business corporation, under the control of a president. He assumes responsibility for the corporation's activities.

The corporation is divided into many departments and bureaus. As the President is unable himself to ascertain the needs of all these departments and bureaus, Congress authorized him last spring to appoint a Director of the Budget to do it for him.

The vice-presidents of the corporation are the Cabinet officers of the Government and the managers of the special domains we know as the bureau chiefs. Heretofore these vice-presidents and managers have "run" their departments and bureaus as if each were a separate authority. There has been little or no attention to correlation. Apparently these high officers have never regarded the Government as one great enterprise the total cost of which must be provided for; each one in his own sphere has gone on without attention as to how what he did fitted into the entire scheme. Moreover, "politics" often called for spending, not saving. The inevitable result has been excess outlay as well as overlapping and an absence of administrative integration in the Executive estimates hitherto transmitted to the Secretary of the Treasury and thence, without revision, to Congress.

Under the operation of the new act, however, the President, through his agent, the Budget Director, has woven all parts of the Government into a single agency, working to a common end. Instead of the old system, under which there was little or no restraint on bureau chiefs or department heads, those officers must now account to the President, through his Budget Director. The Director has the power to revise the estimates. The result has been, we are glad to say, an unprecedented spirit for economy in the departments. Another means of efficiency has been seen in the working of a Federal Purchasing Board and a Federal Liquidation Board. These, following the passage of the Budget Bill, were established by Executive Order to co-ordinate and economize the purchasing and selling activities of the separate departments.

The estimated expenditures were recently submitted to Congress by the Budget Director, the energetic General Dawes. They show a decline of over a billion and a half dollars for the fiscal year ending June 30, 1922, from the expenditures of the previous fiscal year, and of nearly half a billion dollars for the fiscal year 1923 below the expenditures for the present fiscal year. The Budget Director, having proceeded as far as he could under executive authority, has been obliged to report a deficit of about $24,000,000 in excess of the estimated receipts for the current fiscal year and of some $167,000,000 in excess of the estimated revenues for the ensuing year. These deficits will, we believe, be largely done away with because of economies resulting from the application of the armament limitation policies now being decided upon in Washington.

Even if they are not so done away with, Congress can reduce the aggregate amount recommended by the President, so as to bring it within the estimated revenues. For, though responsibility for the budget as it comes to Congress is the President's, Congress has relinquished none of its power to revise the estimates. It thus has, as it should have, final

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responsibility for the amount placed at the President's disposal for the conduct of the Government.

At the end of consideration of the budget by Congress there may perhaps be a surplus balance in the accounts instead of a deficiency. One reason for this hope is the fact that the Budget Law places all responsibility for reporting appropriations to the House of Representatives (the initiator of all financial legislation) upon one committee instead of upon eight, as formerly. Thus that committee is enabled to focus its efforts on the entire Governmental needs, and, what in our opinion is equally important, department heads are prevented from appealing first to one committee and then to another for money.

Even after the close scrutiny given by the Budget Director, the Appropriations Committee can call department heads and bureau chiefs to testify as to the necessity of the sums recommended in the budget. The Committee, under its efficient Chairman, Representative Madden, of Illinois, has been organized into sub-committees to consider the needs of each of the ten executive departments, the full Committee being responsible for the resulting bills. Of course the work of making appropriations for the Government could hardly be conducted in any other way. For proper consideration of the problems involved in the annual appropriations for the Government would require well over three hundred actual committee working days, so that if one committee undertook the task of ascertaining the facts in connection with every budget act the appropriations might not be reported for a year. Under Mr. Madden's method, however, the first bill should be reported in early January and the last bill not later than the third week in March.

Thus both executive and legislative labors in connection with our new financial system are giving to the American people what they have never had before —an efficiently centralized instead of a destructively decentralized régime; statements understandable by the man in the street; an unprecedented programme of economy; and last, not least, promptness and despatch in accomplishment.

KNOLL PAPERS

BY LYMAN ABBOTT

WARUM?

MUSIC sometimes expresses a truth of experience better than words. Schumann's tone-poem "Warum" expresses for me what I cannot in words express for myself—the insoluble mystery of life. Why is there sin and sorrow in God's world? Why? Why?

I can get gleams of light that come and go. But they are not solutions.

The race of man is gradually emerging from a previous animal race. Each individual has passed through a previous animal form before he came forth into the light. Life is a struggle between the animal and the spiritual, that from which we came and that to which we go, the animal governed by his appetites and passions and the man to be governed by his conscience and his reason. I can understand the Seventh Chapter of Romans. I see the fact but not the reason for the fact.

Virtue is impossible without the possibility of vice; for virtue is the free choice of the good and the free rejection of the evil. I would rather live in a world of men who can choose than in a world of puppets who can move only as their unknown master pulls the string. But there are so many lives in which the incitements to virtue seem feeble and the incitements to vice are strong. Why? Why?

I can see that temptations and sorrows are apparently indispensable in a school of virtue. There can be no courage if there is no danger, no patient bearing of burdens if there are no burdens to be borne, no self-control if there are no passions to be controlled, no generosity if there are no needs for unselfishness to supply, no pity if there are no sorrows to be pitied. But the school of experience is a hard school; and many pupils seem never to learn the lesson. And too often the wind is not tempered to the shorn lamb. Why? Why?

Often I find refuge in my own littleness, where the Hebrew found it:

> Neither do I exercise myself in great matters,
> Or in things too wonderful for me.

It is absurd that a microscopic insect on this little pebble that we call the world should expect to comprehend the universe. It is wonderful that we understand so much, not that we understand so little. But still the problem remains unsolved and still the question repeats itself within me: Why? Why?

My refuge from *Warum?* is not in philosophy, it is in action. For the problem, Why is there sin and sorrow in God's world? I have learned to substitute another: What can I do to combat the sin, what to alleviate the sorrow?

Some years ago a fire broke out on the wharves of a great steamship company on the western bank of the Hudson River opposite New York City. The flames cut off retreat to the land. Some people were burned to death; others, taking refuge from the flames in the river, were drowned. The next day, crossing the river on the ferry and looking at the blackened ruins, I said to an agnostic friend at my side, "This is the sort of thing which makes me sometimes a skeptic." "Yes," he replied, "if you are looking on. But if you are one of a rescue party and are pulling an oar you somehow feel that life is worth living and that there is a meaning even in life's tragedies."

This is true. The escape from *Warum?* is joining the rescue party and substituting for the problem, Why is there sin and sorrow? the problem, What can I do to conquer the sin and alleviate the sorrow?

A French soldier in the Great War wrote home to his mother: "Here in the trenches we all believe in God and a future life. The atheists are all at the rear." The soldiers in the trenches were too busy fighting the Hun to spend any time in trying to account for his existence.

A visitor is taken through a hospital and is appalled by all he sees and hears. The mystery of sin and sorrow oppresses him. "Why?" he cries to himself; "oh, why?" But the surgeon in the same hospital has no time for philosophy. "What can I do to succor and to save?" is all his thought. He does not solve the problem, but he escapes from it. And in the rendering of service he finds the answer to the question, Is life worth living?

I know a young lady, scholarly, refined, delicate, a charming social companion, full of the simple joy of living. She offered her services to the Red Cross, went abroad, and was sent to the front. She lived in daily danger, in a wilderness of grime and dirt, often without water to wash, almost never with water to bathe, surrounded at times by coarse and profane companions, often by the sick, the wounded, and the dying. And her letters home were radiant with the joy which the opportunity of service brought to her.

We lighten our burdens by taking on the burdens of others; find comfort in our sorrows when we carry comfort to other sorrowing hearts; find life worth living when we *make* life worth living. If we believe that the Son of God has come into the world to make out of our tangled life an ordered kingdom of justice and good will and we volunteer to aid him in this age-long campaign, we find an unexpected exhilaration in the service, and the worse the tangle the

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greater the exhilaration. The soldiers in camp sing the "Marseillaise" or the "Star-Spangled Banner" with an enthusiasm which a congregation of civilians cannot know. The real answer to *Warum?* is General Armstrong's motto: "What are Christians put into the world for but to do the impossible in the strength of God?"

THE STRATEGY OF PEACE

EDITORIAL CORRESPONDENCE FROM THE ARMAMENT CONFERENCE AT WASHINGTON

BY ERNEST HAMLIN ABBOTT

A WELL-KNOWN Dutch correspondent was speaking:

"The war is won already."

A group of us were standing on the balcony of a London club. Within forty-eight hours the world of men and things had been changed from order to chaos. Everything tangible had seemed about to turn into the fragment of a dream. The very laws of nature had seemed to be suspended. Four years of a world war have since taught us what men can endure; but then nobody knew what was impending. On Saturday I had left Paris to learn on my arrival in London that Germany had declared war on France. This was Monday.

"The Germans," explained this expert on international affairs from the Netherlands, "are going to sweep through Belgium. No Belgian force can stand against the Germany artillery; no Belgian army can seriously oppose the German mass attacks. In six weeks the Germans will have crushed France, and will have reduced her permanently to a third-class Power. It will take as long as that for the Russians to mobilize and to reach the German frontier. By that time Germany can turn her attention to the east, and it won't take long for the Germans to rout the troops that the Japs whipped and to crush Russia. Of what use would it be for Great Britain to get into this war? There is no British army worth talking about. Long before British troops in any number could be ferried across the Channel the war would be over. In fact, the war is practically over now. The Germans have already won it."

This observant and well-informed neutral journalist was very nearly right. While the German troops were swarming ready for the attack not a French reserve moved. While the Germans were battering down the forts at Liège the French were standing back of their own lines. France was apparently giving her cause away at the outset. René Viviani, who was at the head of the French Government at the time, was destined to stand in a hall in Washington and tell how he had met the crisis. "I, as head of the Government," said M. Viviani, at the fourth plenary session of the Armament Conference, "assumed the terrible responsibility of ordering the French troops to withdraw within ten kilometers of our own frontier. I assumed the responsibility of delivering part of my country to the enemy in order to avoid any possible cause of conflict, and so that it could not be said that France had been the first to open hostilities. I took the responsibility of waiting until the last moment to order mobilization in a Europe that was shivering and ready in her armor to meet the foe. I waited until the last minute." Indeed, France waited so long and gave Germany such a military advantage that the Germans gained a momentum which seemed irresistible. The Dutch journalist was certainly very nearly right.

Being very nearly right, however, is sometimes the same as being very far wrong. This observant and well-informed Dutchman was as right—and as wrong—as the Germans. He overlooked one factor—the same factor that the Germans had overlooked. He might have saved himself the mistake if he had consulted the writings of Bismarck. In his diplomacy Bismarck was always a realist. He never allowed his desires, his ingenuity, or his imagination to run him away from the facts. Among the facts that he always kept in mind was one which the Germans, after his retirement, forgot—one that this Dutch journalist forgot—the fact of moral force.

It was moral force that sent England into the war scarcely more than twenty-four hours after my Dutch acquaintance had finished his prognostication; it was moral force that turned the retreating French back upon the victorious, carousing Germans at La Fère-Champenois; it was moral force that broke Giolitti's power and ranged Italy against the Central Empires; it was moral force that sustained the Canadians in the inferno at Vimy Ridge; it was moral force that gathered the youth from the prairies and cities, from the mountains and coasts, of a distant continent and carried them across the infested sea to Belleau Wood and Château Thierry, to Cambrai and St. Mihiel, to the Argonne, and finally to Coblenz.

Often during the Armament Conference have I been reminded of what that correspondent from the Netherlands said to me in August, 1914. According to prophets, the Conference has been doomed from the beginning. Perhaps, it has been said, a few old obsolete ships will be scrapped; perhaps some good resolutions will be passed; but the nations that know what they want and mean to get it are going to have their way. The case that these prophets of disaster present is very strong—it is almost as strong as that which the Dutch journalist presented for the Germans. It can be stated about as follows:

America, who called the Conference, was in no great need of reducing her armament. She could stand the burden of a large naval armament better than any other country in the world. What she really wants and needs is a free and fair field for the development of foreign trade in the Far East. She has been shut out from a great deal of the field by "spheres of influence" established by other nations. She does not want a sphere of influence for herself. She is not in the habit of backing up with Government money or with armed force the special interests of her citizens in foreign lands. She is not organized to maintain monopolies in the Far East like those of other nations, and her people would not back up her Government in protecting them. Consequently America has only one hope for profit in the Far East, and that is the really Open Door. On the other hand, neither Japan nor Great Britain has any special interest in keeping the door to the Far East open. In certain regions Japan has a monopoly and Great Britain has in others. What both Great Britain and Japan do need is relief from their burden of taxation. Great Britain needs this relief so much that she has already virtually surrendered her primacy on the high seas, and Japan is beginning to realize that her ambition for large military and naval establishments is costing her more than she can afford to pay. For relief from this taxation caused by armaments Great Britain, and especially Japan, would be willing to pay a good price. So long as we might maintain our building programme of 1916 Great Britain and Japan would be forced to continue building ships. The proper strategy, therefore, would have been to let Japan and Great Britain know that we demanded a fair deal in the Far East; that as long as conditions continued as they have been we should have to go on building up our Navy, which we could well afford to do; but if they were willing to relax their hold upon China so as to open it to the free competition of Americans we might consider yielding something on our ship-building programme.

Instead of that, argued these same prophets, what did Mr. Hughes do? Saying nothing about our demands in the Far East, he started by making a

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proposal for a reduction in armament. That is to say, he gave America's case away. He made it appear that what America needed and must have at any cost was a reduction in the armament burden, whereas that was the very thing which we, of all nations, needed least. He put us in the position of begging Japan and Britain to grant America something that they were eager to have done. He thus left America without anything to trade with. With their hands to their mouths to hide their smiles, Japan and Great Britain could, one with great reluctance and the other with the expression of many compliments to American idealism, agree to the arrangement for which they would have been willing to pay well, and then, as a reward for their acquiescence, secure from America assurance that their present favorable position in the Far East would not be disturbed. It is true that with Japan's and Britain's consent some old battleships will be laid aside a little sooner than they otherwise would be; but Great Britain's naval power has not been seriously impaired and Japan will have actually made some gain in relative naval armament, while the United States has been deprived of naval power in the western Pacific. The Conference, according to these commentators, has thus been going the way of the Paris Peace Conference and Mr. Hughes has fallen into the same error as that into which Mr. Wilson allowed himself to fall. Like Mr. Wilson, he let it be known that he wanted something very much which the other nations would have been only too glad to give him for nothing and even pay a fair price to get, and he has thus made it impossible to get from them any price whatever. America lost her case thus at the very beginning. So runs the prophecy.

As if that were not bad enough, our diplomats, it is alleged, have allowed themselves to be paying a price for something else that the other nations would have been only too glad to give. Both Japan and Great Britain have been only too eager to get us involved with them in a mutual protective association. They have known that we could protect ourselves, but that we would be a dangerous antagonist if they committed any offense; so they have secured safety for themselves by getting us into a Four-Power Treaty which puts us on our honor to consult with them before we can call them to account. As a price for this they have given up the Anglo-Japanese Alliance, of which they were both getting rather tired, anyway. To use a sentence from one of the prophets: "In a position to dictate we have cast away our advantage, given it away as a concession instead of using it to force one." The sinister forces of national greed and Machiavellian diplomacy, as seen through the eyes of these observers, have been sweeping through the undefended territory of American interests and ideals and are winning the contest.

International

LORD RIDDLE, OFFICIAL PUBLICITY REPRESENTATIVE OF THE BRITISH GOVERNMENT, AT HIS DAILY CONFERENCE WITH WRITERS AT THE ARMAMENT CONFERENCE
Lord Riddle is seated in front at the left

As a consequence, so these commentators predict, America will have deprived herself of the power to protect China against Japan, will have lost China's friendship, which is not only desirable in itself but necessary for future peace and safety, will have abandoned Guam and the Philippines to the tender mercies of Japan, will have provided Japan with a guaranty of safety, will have made it impossible to do anything to protect a revived Russia against Japan though Japan by the Four-Power Treaty is protected against Russia—will, in short, have put her head in the noose in the faith that Japan and Great Britain will not pull the rope.

What these prophetic observers omit in all their calculation is moral force.

When Mr. Hughes presented the American proposal at the first session, he was not asking something for America; he was offering something in the interest of all the rest of the world as well as of America on America's behalf. His position in the strategy of peace was exactly what Viviani's position in 1914 was in the strategy of war. He not only declined to make an attack, but he stood well within his country's natural frontiers. By this proposal he announced that America had no intention of waging an offensive war on anybody, and in proof of it was willing to forego the position of superiority which she could secure. He was not asking for something for America from rival diplomats. He was offering to other countries something on America's behalf and substantiating it with evidence of America's good faith.

At once behind Mr. Hughes was mobilized the public opinion of all the nations involved. Moral force is not a substitute for the bayonet, but it gives power to the bayonet thrust. Moral force is not a substitute for economic power, but combined with economic power it can turn the scale against economic power alone. In his statement Mr. Hughes made clear to the world as nothing else has made clear the economic power that America has at her command; but at the same time he coupled with that economic power the moral force of other nations.

That is why it was wise for him to start with naval armaments. In all this Armament Conference the fundamental questions, as I have said before, are those of national policy, and specifically those concerning the policy of the nations in the Far East. These questions, however, are not of the kind that command popular interest except in some passing or picturesque phase. For a while many Americans were stirred up about Shantung, but very few of them knew what Shantung was or what its problems involved. Fewer know much about Manchuria or Siberia; and only the experts know anything about Chinese customs duties or the problems of exterritoriality. Indeed, even those who write about the subject sometimes confuse exterritoriality with extra-territoriality. And yet such questions as these are important factors in the Far Eastern problems. Logically perhaps, in order to satisfy the not always intelligent intelligence of the *intelligentsia*, Mr. Hughes should have begun with a demand concerning the Kiaochau-Tsinanfu Railway, but it would have hardly enlisted the support of the people. Instead he began with something that the people could understand—a simple proposition, reasonable in itself, and involving the exercise of moral choice. At once he had the people with him; and not only the people of this country but of other countries. It was so simple a proposal in its substance that everybody could understand it; it was so fair that everybody approved it.

The result is that everything which America, through her spokesmen—Mr. Hughes, Mr. Root, Mr. Underwood, and Mr. Lodge—proposes comes with the advantage of that backing of public

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opinion. People the world over are in advance favorably disposed now to anything that America advocates. The fact that America was fair on the subject of naval armaments, on which she had no selfish reason for yielding anything, has been accepted as evidence that America is going to be fair on the subjects which the people do not understand as clearly as they understand the simple proposition of stopping the naval race. To America's naval prestige and to her economic prestige Mr. Hughes's proposition added the force of moral prestige. America has demonstrated her material power. By the Hughes proposal America has also demonstrated her good faith.

If war conditions, which for seven years after Germany's act of aggression prevailed throughout the world, are to be supplanted by conditions of peace, the strategy of war must give way to the strategy of peace.

From the beginning, therefore, Mr. Hughes's strategy has been sound.

By that strategy should every move in this Conference be judged.

Great Britain was the first to recognize the power behind the public opinion of the world which the Hughes proposal had mobilized. It is to the credit of British intelligence that Britain was ranged at once beside America in the plan for limiting naval armament. It is also to the credit of British intelligence that the arguments which the British delegates and British correspondents have used against the submarine have been based, not on the safety of the British Empire, which is not the primary concern of world-wide public opinion, but on the preservation of civilized methods in warfare, which has aroused public opinion in many nations. France, on the other hand, has been slow to recognize the new alignment caused by the employment of the strategy of peace. She has trusted too much to the intrinsic merits of her case, too little to the legitimate methods of getting public opinion to understand it. There are sound reasons in her plea for some assurance for her security on land; but she has done little to inform the world of the actual steps she has taken and is going to take to reduce her army even in the face of the danger she fears. And for a few *days she seemed to be needlessly* arraying the force of public opinion against her position on the naval ratio. Japan, like France, started by ignoring the force of public opinion while giving the appearance of fearing it, but has been adjusting herself to an unaccustomed position and is now gradually adapting herself to the new strategy, as her disposition to substitute good will for the bayonet as an implement of policy indicates.

The campaign which has begun at Washington is not going to be a short one. There will be varying fortunes. For a day or two, for example, some observers thought it was lost when a newspaper printed as a great discovery the fact that among the islands and dominions in the Pacific Ocean which are the subject of the Four-Power Treaty is included Japan itself. Of course any act of aggression against any of these islands would, according to the treaty, bring the Four Powers together for consultation whether the aggression menaced any particular island—Japan, or Australia, or one of the Philippines—or not. I cannot understand why the discovery that Japan is in the Pacific should have caused a small panic. I included it among the dominions in my correspondence of December 12, and never thought of it as a discovery. Other *occasions for anxiety will arise.* Even after the Conference adjourns the campaign for good understanding among nations will sometimes halt.

Nevertheless the strategy of peace that has mobilized into one force the good will and good faith of the people of the nations represented at Washington has already a number of victories to its credit and will win in the end.

STRIKE NEWS FROM KANSAS AND CHICAGO

I—THE LAW AND THE KANSAS MINERS

SPECIAL TELEGRAPHIC CORRESPONDENCE FROM HENRY J. HASKELL OF THE KANSAS CITY "STAR"

KANSAS two years ago enacted a law providing for the judicial settlement of industrial disputes. Its action under the leadership of Governor Henry J. Allen attracted Nation-wide attention. Now the news has gone out that State troops have been summoned to the Kansas coal district to preserve order during a bitter strike. How can there be a strike in a State where strikes are supposed to have been abolished unless there is a serious breakdown in law enforcement?

The very issue is now raised on which advocates and opponents of the law always have clashed. "The Industrial Court Law will fail because it can't be enforced," skeptics have said. Therefore the Kansas strike has attracted attention out of all proportion to the number of men involved.

But the matter is not so simple as at first appears. Two questions have been at issue, the Industrial Court and a struggle within the ranks of the United Mine Workers of America. Up to the time of writing, December 19, the second has had the dominant position. The Industrial Court stepped aside for the time in the belief that a victory of the conservative element in the ranks of the organized mine workers would be a wholesome thing for the industry and would tend to stability and industrial peace. The Court, however, is holding itself ready to intervene at any time that the situation seems to have reached an *impasse* where the international organization is no longer able to make gains from the ranks of the workers.

This coal field of southeastern Kansas is one of the smaller fields in the United States. Perhaps eight thousand men find employment there, the majority of them from central or eastern Europe. It always has been a tempestuous region. Data compiled at the time of the big coal strike two years ago showed that in forty-five months there had been seven hundred and five separate strikes at individual Kansas mines. For this condition the operators were to blame as well as the men. The men had come to feel that the only possible way to redress the simplest grievance was by starting a strike.

In this troubled situation Governor Allen's Industrial Court began to feel its way. It was concerned especially in making the workers believe that they could depend on righting any just grievances through the Court and that the strike was a needlessly expensive and clumsy way of redressing wrongs. In spite of hostility on both sides, it has made considerable progress. One of the controversies that came before it is a contributing cause to the present strike.

For three years Alexander Howat, head of the local miners' organization, had been in a controversy with a mine operator over the back wages of a miner, Karl Mishmash. The question in dispute was as to the date when the boy had come of age and was entitled to a man's wages. About $200 was involved. Howat finally called a strike of the three hundred men in the mine. For this he was tried for violating the Industrial Court Act, convicted by a jury, and sentenced to six months in jail with the vice-president of the local union. Then the Court investigated the Mishmash case, within three hours established the boy's age, and ordered $200 paid him. Howat and his fellow-leader began serving their sentences the last of September. In protest there was a general walkout of miners.

Meanwhile a complication had arisen. Howat belongs to the radical group of the United Mine Workers, of which Frank Farrington, head of the Illinois

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union, is the leader. A controversy has arisen over a strike called by Howat last spring, which was carried before the International Board. President Lewis, of the United Mine Workers, and the Board held that the strike was a violation of the contract between the union and the operators and ordered Howat to send the men back to work. Howat refused at about the time he began serving his jail sentence.

Then began a struggle between the United Mine Workers and Howat, with the encouragement of the Illinois radicals. President Lewis suspended the Kansas district and all its officials and installed a provisional president. The organization appealed for the support of those workers who believed in living up to their contracts and sent organizers into the field to reorganize the district. Miners began going back to work in the middle of November. The formal order was issued expelling Howat and revoking the cards of the miners who refused to return to work. A month later it was estimated that more than half the miners were back at work. Accessions were coming to their ranks every day.

Then, with the strike going against them, the radical Howat followers undertook a policy of terrorism. Women were incited to lead mobs and threaten miners who stood by the International organization. The county officials asked for help, and three hundred State troops were sent into the district. Under their protection work in the mines was not interrupted.

Meanwhile the Industrial Court was waiting for the outcome of the fight within the organization. Its members felt that the great majority of the miners desired to obey the law and go back to work, and that they were being coerced by the radical element. If the United Mine Workers could gather into its organization the conservative workers on the basis of maintaining contracts, the Court was perfectly willing to give it the opportunity.

The radicals, largely foreign-speaking miners, remain to be dealt with. It is quite possible that before this article is published the Court may have decided to proceed against their leaders under the Industrial Act.

While recognizing the advisability of winning the miners to the support of the Kansas experiment in preventing strikes, Governor Allen and his Court have no notion of allowing the law to be nullified when they judge the time for action has come.

Kansas City, Missouri,
December 19, 1921.

II—EMPLOYEE REPRESENTATION AND THE STOCKYARD STRIKE

A REPORT OF A PERSONAL INVESTIGATION BY SHERMAN ROGERS, INDUSTRIAL CORRESPONDENT OF THE OUTLOOK

THE employee representation plan in the Chicago stockyards has been given an acid test during the last two weeks. The newly constructed relationship between the workers and the management has withstood this test successfully. The controversy between the packers and the Amalgamated Meat Cutters and Butchers Association of America has narrowed down to a demand of the Amalgamated officials that the packers arbitrate their present differences with them; a contention that has been ignored. The reason for this action on the part of Armour & Co. and other Chicago packers is based on the sincere belief on their part that the Amalgamated represents a minority body of their employees, and therefore is not entitled to the recognition it demands.

A short history of events to date is necessary in clarifying the unfortunate situation. There need be no apprehension as to the fairness of the Armour & Co., Swift & Co., and Wilson & Co. "Conference Board" representation.

When the plan was tentatively proposed to the employees of Armour & Co., their yards were cut up into divisions of about three hundred workmen each. A blank ballot was then issued to every man on which to write the name of the individual he desired to have represent him on the Conference Board. To demonstrate the thorough democracy of the election, as high as twenty-five men were named on the ballots in a single voting division. The two men receiving the largest number of votes in each precinct had their names printed on the final ballot for the general election in much the same manner as the ballot issued in our general political elections. Eighty-three per cent of the employees of the company voted in the primary election, but because of the activity of organized enemies of the plan the total vote cast in the general election was not as great as in the primaries. Yet in the final election over seventy per cent of the total working force in the Chicago plant voted. The nominees receiving the highest vote in the general election were duly declared elected, and the first meeting held by this joint Conference Board was composed of twenty-four workmen and twenty-four representatives of the company, who redrafted the tentative regulations so that the final rules adopted were the result of a joint agreement between the workers' delegates and the company's representatives.

When the matter of wage reduction recently came up, representatives of the other Armour yards met in Chicago to discuss the proposition. A committee of five of the workmen's delegates were picked by this joint committee to go into session and pass on the rejection or approval of the reduction requested. After an examination of the books the wage reduction was agreed upon. I was informed by several of the elected delegates of the workmen that at least four of the five men on the final Conference Board wore union buttons. At any rate, these delegates informed me, the delegates agreeing to the reduction represented at least seventy per cent of the Armour employees. The agreement reached by the Conference Board was ignored by the Amalgamated Meat Cutters and Butchers Association of America, who ordered a vote of its membership and on receiving the necessary majority to call a strike ordered a walkout on December 5. This brought the feasibility of industrial representation to a showdown. On December 5, out of a total working force of Armour & Co. in Chicago of 6,500, 6,012 reported for duty. These men went to work through a cordon of pickets, and it is only fair to assume that they were satisfied with the action of the Conference Board. In other words, over ninety per cent of the workers in the Armour plant signified their loyalty to employee representation rather than the Amalgamated union.

The other Chicago plants varied from this ratio only slightly. On December 7, due to violence at the gates, the number of "stay outs" increased to some degree. Their number also increased on the 8th and 9th. Yet at no time, according to reliable information, were the strikers able to keep over forty per cent of the regular employees from the yards. The increased numbers staying away from the yards from December 6 to December 9 were not due to voluntary absentation from duty. On December 7 the yards were besieged with telephone calls from workers asserting their loyalty to the company but declaring they were kept at home through intimidation. Women began to appear at the stockyards begging their husbands to quit work and come home because they had been told that if their husbands did not leave the yards before night "they would be killed." The wives of those stockyard workers who remained on the job were in scores of cases informed that if their husbands went to work they did so at the peril of their lives, and, quite naturally, many women in Packingtown became hysterical with fear, and as a result their husbands remained at home.

Many other cases were reported where men attempting to leave their homes were chased back by strikers or their sympathizers and threatened with physical violence if they attempted to go to

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work. These cases of violence are not hearsay. I heard many of the men make their statements with my own ears.

I want to contradict a general impression that has been created in Chicago regarding the identity of those intimidating the packing-plant workers. I am absolutely convinced beyond any doubt in my own mind that the officials, Dennis Lane and James Hayes, of the Amalgamated, had nothing whatsoever to do with the intimidations. I am certain that these leaders deplored violence or threats of violence just as much as the officials of the packing companies. A year ago, in the columns of this periodical, I strongly defended the leading officials of the Amalgamated Meat Cutters and Butchers Association of America. I again repeat that defense. I believe that they are honorable, well-intentioned men, and after a week's personal contact with the strike situation in Chicago I have been thoroughly convinced that these officials desired an orderly, peaceable strike. It was simply a question with the Amalgamated officials as to whether the packers were to do business with their organization or with the delegates elected under the industrial representation system.

The yards were only partially crippled on December 5. The production in the plants steadily increased during the first week of the strike. During this week 21,000 cattle, 67,000 hogs, 23,000 sheep, and 10,000 calves were killed in the Armour plants. The total number of cars shipped was 1,693. Whereas in the second week of the strike 26,000 cattle, 106,000 hogs, 36,000 sheep, and 10,000 calves were killed and 1,887 cars of product were shipped. Therefore in the second week, as far as volume was concerned, Armour & Co. were practically operating on a normal basis.

I arrived in Chicago December 13, at the beginning of the second week of the strike. The following morning fully fifteen hundred men were turned away from the Armour and Wilson plants, the reason for this being that the packers had all the men they could use. In the Armour yard alone during the entire period from December 12 to 17, I was told, an average of one hundred and eighty employees returned each day to take their old places. These men in practically every instance gave as their reason for not remaining at work continuously that they remained home only because of extreme intimidation. Many of these men told me personally that they did not believe the men guilty of the intimidation had any authority from the union officials; they considered that the intimidators were Communists and other radically inclined men who took advantage of the situation to cause trouble. I am inclined to believe that they were correct in this contention.

So far as Chicago is concerned, the strike has ceased to affect production within the yards. The packers reported that other districts were practically back to normal.

CONTEST NUMBER FIVE

The Best Advertisement

WHAT advertisement printed in The Outlook during 1921 do you consider the best? Explain why you find it the most impressive. What was its effect upon you? For the best answers we will award:

a first prize of Fifty Dollars

a second prize of Thirty Dollars

a third prize of Twenty Dollars

Advertising is a powerful force. Its educational values are subtle and extensive. Its effects on personal development, family life, and social customs are often lasting and profound. Perhaps you have been most influenced by reading an advertisement of a book, a course of study, a service, or a commodity. Describe the significance to you of the best recent advertisement in The Outlook.

CONDITIONS OF CONTEST

1. Write your name (add a pen name, if you like, for publication) and address in the upper left-hand corner of your letter.
2. All letters must be typewritten on one side of the paper only.
3. Limit your letter to 500 words of average length.
4. Your letter, to be eligible, must reach us on or before January 23, 1922.
5. We reserve the right to purchase for publication desirable letters not winning prizes.
6. Unavailable letters will not be returned.
7. The staff of The Outlook will be the judges.

Address all letters to

CONTEST EDITOR
THE OUTLOOK COMPANY
381 Fourth Avenue, New York

The Prize Winning Letters of Contest Number Four will be published in next week's Outlook

The question at the present time is simply whether the packers should or should not arbitrate with the Amalgamated. If the Amalgamated have a majority of workmen in the yards who oppose the wage reduction, by all means arbitrations should be instituted. If the delegates who accepted the wage reduction represented a majority of the workers, the packers are right in their refusal to arbitrate with the minority body. So far as the public is concerned, it is simply a matter of whether the delegates at the wage-reduction conference represented a majority or not. The figures clearly indicate that seventy per cent of the workmen in the Chicago yard cast their ballots for the men who represented them at the conference. If the statements made by the packing companies' officials are correct, not over ten per cent of the workmen obeyed the union strike call on December 5. Such statements were made to me unqualifiedly by packing-house officials from presidents down to men on the killing floors, and, as these men had actual figures at their command, I do not doubt them.

I personally visited various departments of the Armour yard, and the statements made to me by the foremen and workmen corroborated the statements made by the executives. I was also informed by the workmen in various departments that they were having no trouble in maintaining normal operations. In the Armour killing department workmen as well as foremen told me that they could handle twenty-five more cattle per hour than they were handling.

I was informed by the workmen in the various departments that the number of old employees who had remained away did not exceed twenty-five per cent in most departments, and in several of them less than ten per cent had obeyed the strike call at any time during the two weeks from December 5 to December 17.

On the face of this it would appear that a comfortable majority of the workmen had declared their fealty to the Conference Board rather than the Amalgamated officials. Dennis Lane, labor leader, who is conducting the strike, expressed to me the belief that the "objectors" to the Conference Board ruling were in a large majority, and he strenuously denied that the question of "closed shop" or "open shop" was involved in the demand for arbitration. These are the facts as I saw them in Chicago.

The Armour & Co. officials are willing to arbitrate their difficulties with those representing a majority of their workmen, and they are emphatic in the belief that the Conference Board agreement was arrived at by the duly elected representatives of at least seventy per cent of their workmen; therefore they flatly refuse to arbitrate with the Amalgamated officials.

Chicago, Illinois,
December 17, 1921.

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CAMILLE SAINT-SAËNS

BY CHARLES HENRY MELTZER

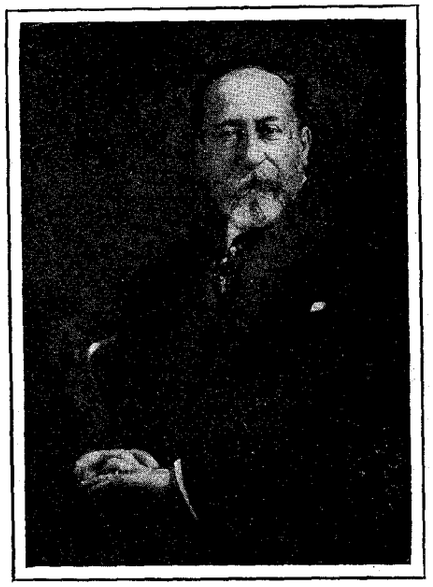
THE disappearance of Saint-Saëns, the French composer, means less, perhaps, to art at this late day than if it had occurred some time ago. But it means much to those of us who love French music. And even now it leaves a void behind!

Camille Saint-Saëns was not of the great few whose works may hope to live throughout the ages. He was, however, a devout musician, a master of technique, sincere and earnest. What Wagner said of him was once the truth. He had been, in his youth at least, the greatest of French composers. He had more depth and breadth than Gounod, more scholarship and more conscientiousness than Massenet. He was more "personal" than those two rivals, who had been influenced to some extent by Schumann and Wagner. Though he had been among the very first to see and understand the art of Wagner, he never —or, well, hardly ever—copied that master or betrayed himself.

His nature was a trifle academic. He was austere and dry and uninspired quite often, but always honest and respectful to his ideals. He could trace back his style to the most lofty models—Beethoven and Bach and other giants. His love of classic form would not permit him to admire the modern gods. It made him irreverent when he listened to Debussy and his imitators. Yet, though in many ways an ardent classicist, he had absorbed much that might have belonged to a romanticist. He had a fine and charming sense of melody, as all know who have heard his best-loved opera. In his "Samson et Dalila" he combined the romantic and the classic qualities, so much so that this work can be performed successfully as a lyric drama or an oratorio.

As a symphonist and a composer of concertos he could hold his own with all except the greatest of the modern masters. He had tried his hand at many kinds of music, and what he wrote, while of uneven interest, was always marked by a high order of musicianship.

No man was more Parisian than Saint-Saëns. But he spent much of his long life in lonely wanderings, now in the West, more often in the East. I think he was most happy and at home in Cairo, where year after year he spent long months. He knew the desert as some know the Boulevards; and there were periods when he vanished from his accustomed haunts, to roam at leisure through far foreign lands. I ran into him once on Broadway when most supposed that he was busy on some work in France. He came and went in a fantastic way, flitting capriciously from Spain to Italy, from England to Africa or the United States. There was just a little touch of Gauguin in Saint-Saëns, though he was not so careless of the rules of life as that erratic and peculiar



CAMILLE SAINT-SAËNS

painter. His art, while held in check by rigid laws, reflected more or less his roving habits. But in his Oriental moods and Spanish moods he somehow harked back to his native Paris. His music of the East was not quite Eastern. It had been modified to suit French taste. Rabaud and Isidore de Lara, in various works, are nearer to the real East than Saint-Saëns.

His erudition was unique. It rivaled that of Liszt and Strauss and Mahler.

He was distinguished both as a pianist and as an organist. Indeed, Liszt paid him the rare compliment of declaring that, with the possible exception of himself, he was the only man who could play the piano. Long before his fellow-musicians had grown familiar with Wagner he had studied and analyzed the intricacies of the Ring and "Tristan und Isolde." Once, when he was sitting somewhere in Germany with the famous Abbé and the then struggling composer of the Ring, it is said that he came to the rescue of those celebrities, who had forgotten the details of some episode in the Tetrology, by sitting down at the piano and playing with absolute accuracy—from memory—the passages they had not remembered. He fought for Wagner when it was thought courageous and even foolish to admire his music. For this he was frequently, but of course mistakenly, branded as a Wagnerite.

His compositions, even the most arid and least pleasing of them, gave evidence of his fondness for that clarity and sense of rhythm which have, since Couperin's day, been characteristic of French music. You will find the Gallic qualities of which I speak in all his operas—in his "Henri VIII," his "Samson et Dalila," his "Princesse Jaune," his "Etienne Marcel," his "Timbre d'Argent," and the rest of them. They shine in his concertos (which, if excellent as vehicles for virtuosity, are sometimes tedious), in his symphonies, and in his choral compositions.

On the occasion of his visit to this country, fifteen years ago, I had the pleasure of meeting and dining with Saint-Saëns. He was not a very cordial or companionable person, and for three hours or so the talk at table languished. But on my mentioning to him that I was trying to induce Heinrich Conried, then manager of the Metropolitan, to add "Henri VIII" to his repertory the composer suddenly grew warm and bright and human.

While he was visiting New York, too, I was one of several thousands who saw him conduct certain of his own works at the Metropolitan. As a conductor, to be frank, he was a failure—limp, careless, and distinctly uninspiring. At the piano, on the other hand, he was vigorous and remarkably alert long after he had passed the threescore years and ten supposed to be allotted to musicians as to other sons of earth. He had brilliancy, precision, and expression, among various merits, which seemed to justify the eulogies of Liszt. But he had not the charm of Paderewski, or the delicacy of Pachmann, or the tremendous power of his contemporary, Rubinstein, who in my boyhood electrified me by his reckless wrestlings with a sorely tried grand.

To the present generation much of what Saint-Saëns composed seems dull and out-of-date and too scholastic. But only those who have no ear could say with truth that they perceive no beauty in the airs of "Samson et Dalila," no rhythmic charm in "Le Rouet d'Omphale," no fascination, of a grim and baleful kind, in the sinister measures of "La Danse Macabre." Wolf-Ferrari paid his tribute to Saint-Saëns, I may remark in passing, by borrowing the rhythms and the substance of that last-named work and twisting it into the Interlude and later into the "Serenade" which were the most noteworthy features of Act II in "I Gioielli della Madonna." Henry Hadley was keenly conscious of his teachings when he wrote, or rewrote, some of the more pleasing passages in his "Cleopatra" opera. The French composers who preceded Claude Debussy, not excluding Massenet, all owed him much. He had helped to mold the style and art of twenty younger and less gifted rivals.

One cannot rhapsodize or gush about Saint-Saëns. He neither invited nor maybe desired such homage. His general outlook on the world of art and life was slightly ironic and by no means sympathetic. As a musician, a technician, and a scholar he had gone deep into the lovely art he honored. And in his numerous compositions he had added to the glories of that art some things which few would willingly let die.

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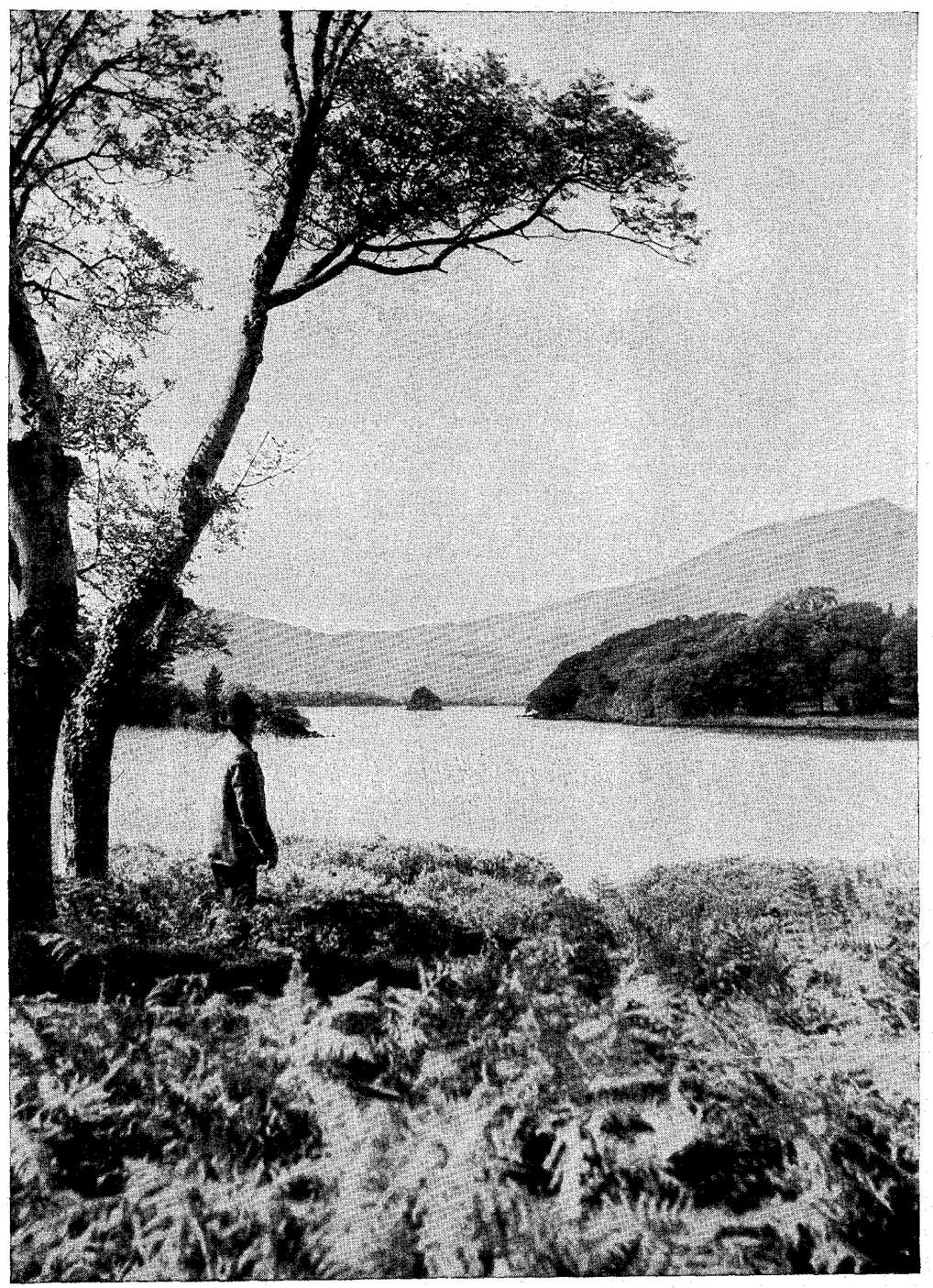
PEACEFUL SCENES IN THE



(C) Burton Holmes from Keystone View Co.

ON THE BANKS OF ONE OF THE CELEBRATED LAKES OF KILLARNEY

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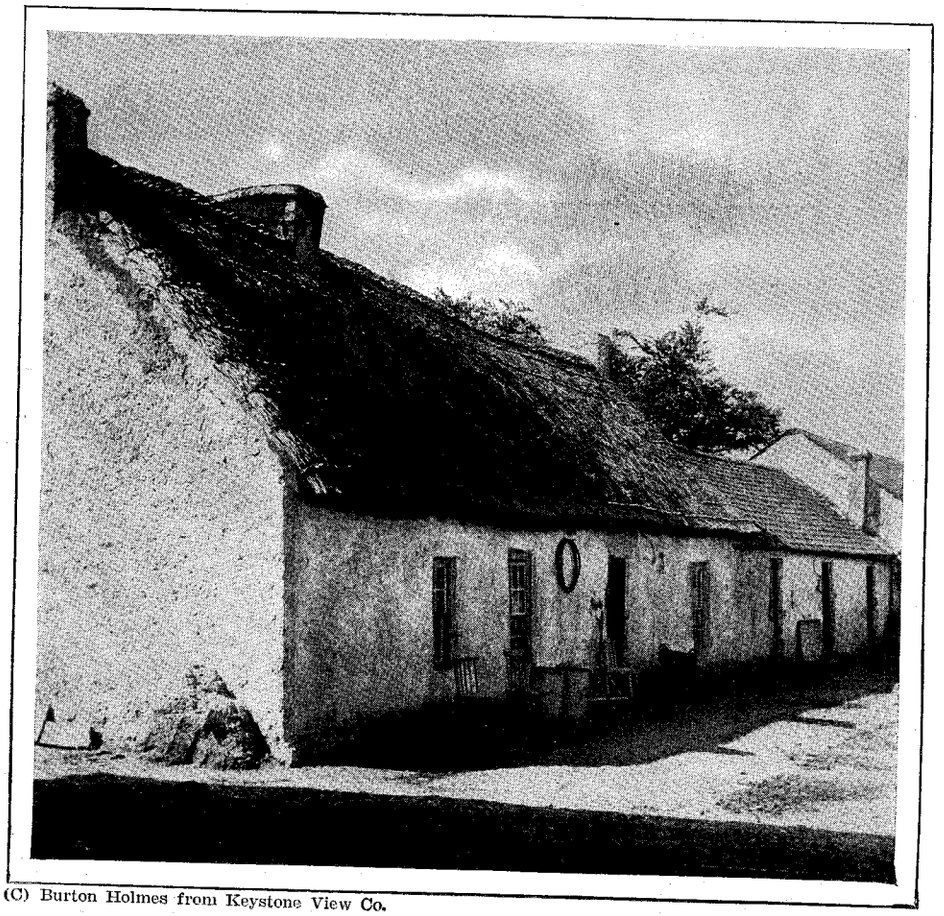
NEW IRISH FREE STATE



A THATCHED COTTAGE NEAR DERVOCK, COUNTY ANTRIM, THE ANCESTRAL HOME OF THE McKINLEY FAMILY WHICH GAVE TO AMERICA A PRESIDENT

(C) Burton Holmes from Keystone View Co.

JAUNTING CARS WAITING FOR TOURISTS AT KILLARNEY

(C) Burton Holmes from Keystone View Co.

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Photograph by J. W. Ritchey

COLONY HALL AND UNFINISHED SIGMA ALPHA IOTA COTTAGE

THE PETERBOROUGH COLONY

"A WORKSHOP, WITH A WONDERLAND THROWN IN," FOR CREATIVE WORKERS IN THE SEVEN ARTS

BY HERMANN HAGEDORN

THE evil things, the materialistic things, the negative, destructive things, always make so much more noise than the forces of harmony and beauty that the average individual may be forgiven if he concludes that there is nothing but turmoil and discord and blatant vulgarity in the world. But the true music is there all the time to confound the pessimist when, for an instant, it makes itself heard above the circumambient racket. We are developing streets besides Main Street; and young men besides the keen-eyed and fleet-footed hounds of success who make college endowments possible and college reunions dull; and novelists besides the bright young men who moralize salaciously and profitably; and poets besides the Get-Rich-Quick-Wallingfords of free verse. Quietly, in unexpected places, you come on them, following the gleam, and when you have had a half-dozen surprises you think better of the prospects of the coming generation.

It would be a daring statistician who would attempt to enumerate all the resounding "movements" which have been "launched" with a great blare of trumpets during the past fifteen or twenty years and died, after a noisy life, leaving no heirs and few regrets. There have been many of them, and all have had secretaries and most have had expensive office furniture and impressive directorates and much publicity. They have gone the way of all flesh when contributors became bored.

One enterprise, set in motion fourteen years ago by the whispered appeal of a dying man, has not perished like the others. It was the most fragile of dreams. Any "practical man" would have said that it was hopeless to think of fulfilling it. It happened that it was a practical woman to whom it was intrusted. Edward MacDowell, who has been described as "the most serious, the most scholarly, the most inspired, and probably the most thoroughly sophisticated of American composers," pleaded in his last illness that some plan be devised to give creative workers in the arts the opportunity, which had been denied to him until the last years of his life, to work for a portion of each year away from the distractions of the city and free from financial care. His wife pledged herself to the fulfillment of his wish, and out of that wish and that pledge has grown the MacDowell Colony at Peterborough, New Hampshire.

It was not an easy task which Edward MacDowell asked a frail woman on crutches to accomplish. Artists' colonies were notoriously difficult things to handle. To the average mind they meant "temperament" and "fine frenzy" and communism and scandal and disaster; and the seats of the scornful were crowded. In the hands of a visionary MacDowell's dream would, in fact, have been impossible. But Mrs. MacDowell was not a visionary at all. With a level head, a clear brain, and a sense of humor, she set about translating an artist's passionate hope into dollars and acres and buildings and by-laws and boards of directors. The deserted farm of eighty acres which MacDowell had made the joyous refuge of his last working years became the nucleus of an estate which now comprises nearly a square mile of rolling woodland and farmland and pasture. MacDowell's own house, Hillcrest, became the center and headquarters of the Colony, where Mrs. MacDowell presided with grace and extraordinary effectiveness; another farmhouse, half a mile away, was given over to the women among the resident artists; a third was given over to the men. MacDowell had done some of the best work of his last years in a cabin in the woods not far from Hillcrest—

A house of dreams untold;
It looks out over the whispering tree-tops
And faces the setting sun—

and Mrs. MacDowell determined that the forest solitude which had been an inspiration to her husband should be granted, if possible, to every member of the Colony. A studio was built, then another, and another. Individual friends of the Association, as well as musical clubs here and there over the country, began to donate them. Each was given its own corner of fragrant seclusion in the great pine woods; no two were in sight of each other, or, better yet, within hearing. A man could compose his soul or a symphony without danger of being disturbed or of disturbing.

To-day there are twenty studios, scattered through those Northern woods, each different from every other, fitted to its surroundings, with its own vista westward toward blue Monadnock or across the lovely rolling country to the north. Edwin Arlington Robinson, who has for ten years spent every summer at Peterborough, has a studio which has Monadnock at its door, and in "Monadnock Through the Trees," first published in The Outlook, has brought its majesty for all time into American literature:

Before there was in Egypt any sound
Of those who reared a more prodigious means
For the self-heavy sleep of kings and queens
Than hitherto had mocked the most renowned,—
Unvisioned here and waiting to be found,
Alone, amid remote and older scenes,
You loomed above ancestral evergreens
Before there were the first of us around.

And when the last of us, if we know how,
See farther from ourselves than we do now,
Assured with other sight than heretofore
That we have done our mortal best and worst,—
Your calm will be the same as when the first
Assyrians went howling south to war.

For twelve years or more the Peterborough Colony has now been an as-

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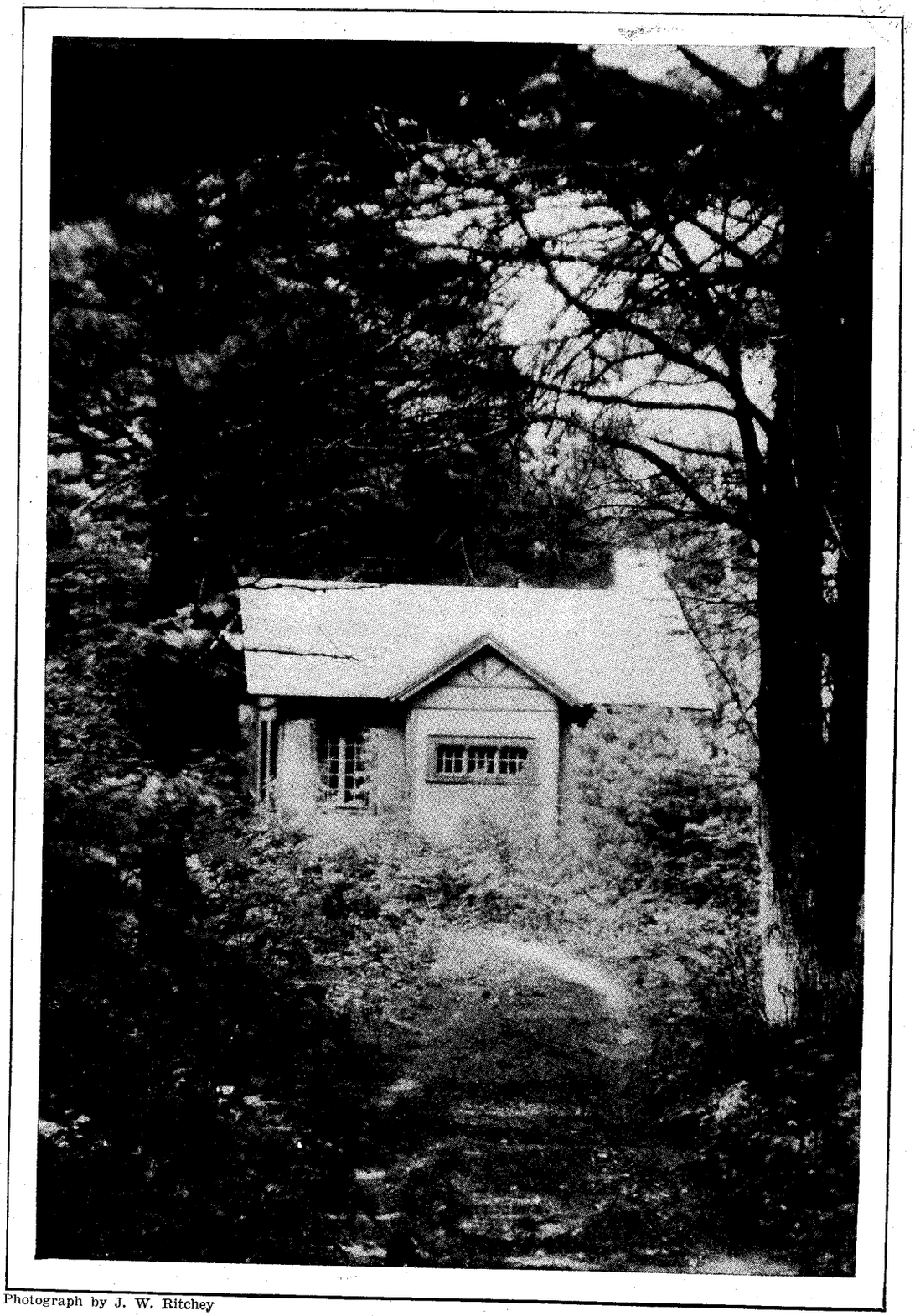

Photograph by J. W. Ritchey

CHAPMAN STUDIO

Each of the Studios in the Peterborough Colony has its "own corner of fragrant seclusion in the great pine woods"

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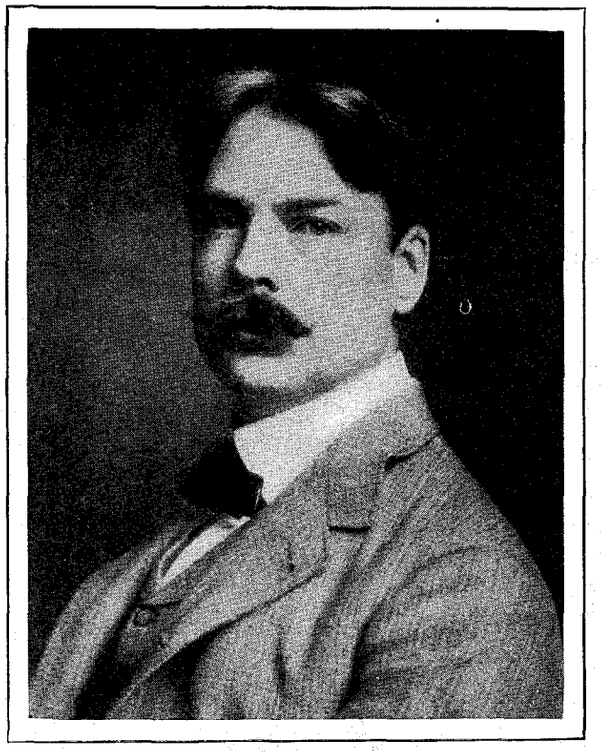

EDWARD MACDOWELL

sured, practical reality, confounding the scoffer. It has proved the complete antithesis of the Greenwich Village type of artistic community. Instead of a place of posing and temperamental eccentricities, it has from the beginning been what Mr. Robinson has described as "beyond a doubt the worst loafing place in the world." The impulsion to work is in the air. It is easier to work than to resist its persuasive influence. What the MacDowell Association has, in fact, established for the workers in the seven arts is a practical workshop where each can "do his job" to the best of his ability, free from distractions and worry.

The "workshop" character of the place is not the result of rules, for Peterborough is joyously free of regulations. There are, in fact, only two. No one is allowed to work in his studio at night, for night-work means lamps, and lamps mean danger from fire—a very real nightmare in the heart of a pine forest. No worker, moreover, is permitted to call on any other during working hours—that is, between eight and four—since it is the Association's pledge to the colonists that they shall not be interrupted. Beyond these two rules there are none. The artists work because they are unhappy when they don't.

The care with which the members of the Colony are chosen has something to do with its success as a community of workers. No one is accepted who has not to some extent proved his creative ability to at least two recognized leaders in his own field. A musician must bear the indorsement as a creative (not an interpretative) artist of two musicians of National standing; a painter, of two painters; a poet, of two poets. Sponsors of course make mistakes, and now and then a dilettante or a loafer strays into the fold. He does not, as a rule, however, stay there long. Peterborough is, as Mr. Robinson has indicated, a disconcerting place for loafers, and dilettantes are revealed to themselves more quickly there than in most places. They drift away to more congenial surroundings.

The day's programme at the Colony is, in its simplicity, a quiet but compelling force for industry. Breakfast is at 7:30, and a half-hour later there is a great scattering. Thereafter, for eight hours, each member of the Colony has his own four walls and his own bit of forest to himself. No one invades his meditations. There is no interruption even for luncheon. At noon or thereabouts a dog-cart stops at his studio and a basket is deposited on his porch. No conversation smites his ear until he goes in search of it himself in the late afternoon. Dinner in Colony Hall is a social function, and after it, for any one who wants it, there are music and good talk.

Edward MacDowell's dream has become a glowing and palpitating reality. American poets and playwrights and painters and musicians are actually having the opportunity, which he begged might be granted them, to work for a season each year under conditions which he himself had found to be ideal. Peterborough is, in fact, a great place of liberation. There the shackles of ordinary existence are, for a season, removed. There are no trains to catch, no meals to order, no interruptions or distractions to combat. The mind is, for once, set free to meditate, to dream, to arrange and co-ordinate experience. The disturbing, the almost maddening element to the artist in the endless hurry and confusion of metropolitan life is just the lack of opportunity to stand aside and sort and relate to each other the flood of daily impressions. Peterborough exists for the purpose of giving the artist that solitude for mental clarification which the average American can find scarcely anywhere else.

Peterborough constitutes a new idea in altruism. Allen Upward, discussing the Nobel bequest in his book "The New Word," ten years ago, emphasized in words that do not lose their savor the importance of giving a helping hand, not to the laggards of civilization only, but to the clear-eyed forerunners:

> Hitherto the hereditary objects of charity have been the sad leavings of mankind—
>
> The poor, whose broken lives
> Lie underneath great empires' pageantry
> Like rubble underneath rich palace walls.
>
> Nobel is the first philanthropist who has desired to benefit the forerunners of the race, as well as the laggards, and who has seen that in benefiting them he would benefit all the rest.
>
> There are two kinds of human outcasts. Man, in his march upward out of the deep into the light, throws out a vanguard and a rearguard, and *both are out of step with the main body.* Humanity condemns equally those who are too good for it, and those who are too bad. On its Procrustean bed the stunted members of the race are racked; the giants are cut down. It puts to death with the same ruthless equality the prophet and the atavist. The poet and the drunkard starve side by side.
>
> Of these two classes of victims the stragglers are not more in need than the forlorn hope; but the ambulance has always waited in the rear. It would seem as though the vanity of benevolence were soothed by the sight of degradation, but affronted by that of genius. Even the loafer and the criminal have found friends. The thinker and the discoverer have been left to the struggle for existence. For them are no asylums; for them no societies stand ready to offer help. Millions have been spent in providing libraries for the populace; the founder of German literature was refused a librarian's place. And so philanthropy has cast its vote to this day for Barabbas.
>
> Nobel alone has had the courage not to be afraid of genius, and the wisdom to see that whatever is conferred on it really is conferred on all mankind.

Art is the expression of the nation's highest thought. The men and women who give their lives to it constitute the vanguard of civilization. They are the true physicians, healing with beauty the perplexity and pain of men; they are the torch-bearers, fitfully illuminating the darkness that is to-morrow; they are the trail-blazers, winning new worlds; they are the interpreters of the pent-up idealism of the inarticulate millions. Through them humanity speaks and moves and achieves. To give them the opportunity to express the vision that is in them is to strike a blow at all that is base and materialistic in the national life.

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JAPANESE ROOTERS AT THE FAR EASTERN GAMES—"THE IMPASSIVE ORIENTAL"

TEACHING THE WORLD TO PLAY

BY ELWOOD S. BROWN

SECRETARY FOR PHYSICAL EDUCATION, FOREIGN AND OVERSEAS DIVISIONS OF THE INTERNATIONAL COMMITTEE OF THE Y. M. C. A.

ONE day last spring I was seated in the office of Chen Tung Wang, now the leading spirit of the Chinese business community in Shanghai—better known in America as Dr. C. T. Wang—the man who as China's representative to the Versailles Peace Conference declined to sign the treaty because of the Shantung clause. Dr. Wang had recently been elected President of the Far Eastern Athletic Association, an international organization including China, Japan, and the Philippines, which conducts the biennial Far Eastern Games. He found it necessary to enter into correspondence with the Japanese officials regarding the next Games scheduled for Shanghai, and was somewhat embarrassed in doing so. I waited while he finished up a conference in Chinese with five long-robed business colleagues. As they filed out of his office he turned to me and said:

"Mr. Brown, I find myself signing letters with my right hand urging a commercial boycott on everything Japanese, while with my left hand I am beckoning the Japanese to come over and participate in the Games. This may appear inconsistent to some of my friends, but since China is the host country, no matter what stand it seems necessary to take in business and politics, on the field of sport I can never express any attitude other than a friendly one."

The Japanese came to the Games regarded as welcome guests and not as threatening conquerors. Through these contests the Oriental has discovered, in endeavoring to learn who is the better man, that the other man is a good fellow.

The Far Eastern Games are just one of the normal expressions of the great American "play-for-everybody" movement that is under way around the world to-day. At no previous time in history has a similar situation presented itself. Just now, for a variety of reasons—because of the universal lesson learned during the war of the importance of good physical condition; because of a realization on the part of the Allied nations that America's play life was a potent factor in the ability of this country to send quickly an efficient fighting physical machine overseas; because of an awakening on the part of South America to the fact that sports and games beat bull fights and cafés as diversions for her youth; because of a hope in the Near East that simple games may have a place in the reconstruction and readjustment plans for that part of the world; because of a perception by millions in Far Eastern countries and in India that recreative play has added a factor of joy and health to that portion of the population reached by our physical men in recent years—because of all these things, just now is the time for a great advance movement in this phase of physical education; just now is the opportunity for America to make a unique and constructive contribution to twoscore foreign countries.

This task has been undertaken by the Young Men's Christian Association. Its Foreign Department has around the world what might be termed a great physical promotion machine—seventy-five trained physical directors working in twenty-five different countries. These physical directors, representative of all that is best in American play life, pioneers in the promotion of community and nation-wide service, are in the business of teaching every possible person in every possible country how to play. These men are also vigorously promoting an intelligent interest in the principles of community hygiene and health. They are making rational physical life indigenous by training native physical directors who can take over the responsibility for the ever-expanding programme. They are establishing the best standards of amateurism and fair play in competitions. They are co-operating with other agencies of similar ideals and ideas.

A universal need of the kind outlined above demands the nearest approach to a standard programme that can be arranged with due regard to climatic and racial conditions. Such a programme has been adopted, and is based on the fundamental principle that the Association

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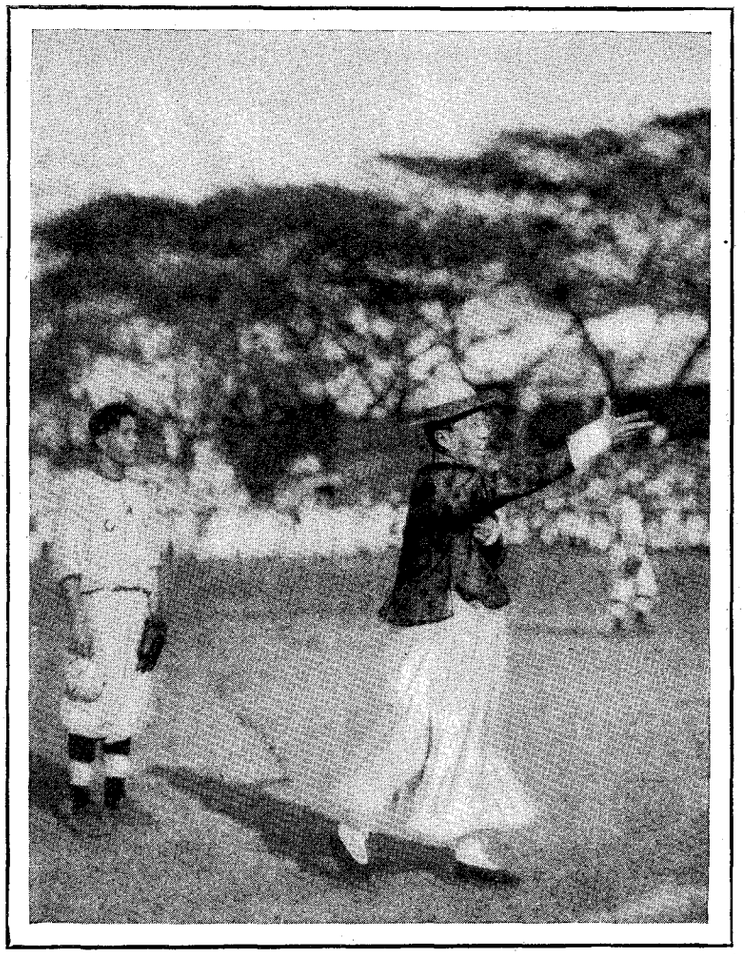

DR. WU TING-FANG, FORMER MINISTER FROM CHINA TO AMERICA, "PITCHING" THE FIRST BALL TO A FILIPINO BATTER (JAPANESE CATCHER) IN THE FAR EASTERN GAMES AT MANILA

will endeavor to establish simple physical play as a real influence in the lives of the people with whom it works. Highly specialized forms of physical training of a type which interests only a few and which requires special equipment and a high degree of skill are consistently avoided. Reduced to a formula the programme reads: *OBJECTIVES:* Recreation, Character, Health; *POLICY:* Community Service; *PROGRAMME:* Promotion, Organization, Training, Inspiration, Information, Technical Assistance—in activities ranging from play-for-everybody to the Olympic Games.

The Y. M. C. A. seeks everywhere in this programme to co-operate with other agencies holding similar ideas and ideals, as it also seeks to use its ideas and programmes in physical education, to modify, improve, or assist whatever native systems it finds in operation in the foreign countries to which it goes. An outstanding example of this principle is demonstrated in the working alliance recently effected with the International Olympic Committee. This alliance really had its beginning in the Far East eight years ago when the Association took the initiative in establishing what might be termed an athletic training school in the Orient, an area which had apparently been overlooked by everybody and which did not know how to play. The Far Eastern Games, which have recently been conducted successfully for the fifth time, were an outgrowth of the Philippine Amateur Athletic Federation, an organization which itself sprang from the nation-wide play programme and which in a few years has helped transform the islands into a great playground. The Far Eastern Games are purely a developing agency, designed in one respect to supplement the work of the International Olympic Committee in a field near of access and substantially undeveloped. When these Games were inaugurated, national and international competition was practically unknown save in the Philippines and a dozen places along the Asiatic coast, and there were no athletic standards, organizations, or activities. That part of the world had never developed a championship athlete or had a representative place in an Olympic contest.

The first games were held in Manila in February, 1913, China, Japan, and the Philippines being represented by about 175 contestants. The Philippines won most of the events in overwhelming fashion, with China a distant second. The question of who won was of secondary importance, however, when it was realized that at last an activity had been discovered in which a Chinese, a Japanese, and a Filipino could meet in friendly, social intercourse without arousing the racial antagonisms that constantly appeared in business, religious, and social affairs.

The games were also a great success from the athletic standpoint, demonstrating in many ways that a single object-lesson is worth a ton of theory. The Chinese and Japanese who entered the contests, and were beaten, went home as happy as children, determined to win next time. The Chinese discovered in themselves potential abilities that literally revolutionized their attitude toward sports. The Japanese learned that team-play was both stimulating and essential, disproving their age-old theory that team-work fosters only weak dependence on the other fellow. The Filipinos had the satisfaction of making a definite contribution to the play life of the Orient, showing the way to their stronger neighbors both in quality of performance and in method of operation. There were many interesting incidents. It has been said that the various peoples of the Orient could not be brought together on a voluntary, friendly basis. But in the first games, when Dr. Wu Ting-Fang, the venerable Chinese statesman (who was for so many years Minister to Washington) "pitched" the first ball to a Japanese batter and a Filipino catcher, and ten thousand Chinese, Japanese, and Filipino spectators shouted in excited anticipation, it marked a historic event whose international significance has since been abundantly demonstrated.

In 1915 in Shanghai, in 1917 in Tokyo, in 1919 in Manila, and again in 1921 in Shanghai representatives of these three nations have come together on the friendly field of sport, and on not a single occasion has any racial antagonism been shown! In fact, a splendid spirit of fair play and sportsmanship has been evidenced and the winners have received shouting recognition from every one, even though during the contests partisan cheering has been most definite and exciting. The so-called "impassive" Oriental, who will look with indifference upon accident and even death, who is taught, particularly in Japan, to show no facial evidence of his real feelings, goes into transports of joy at athletic contests and becomes the most rabid rooter in the world. Athletics gives him a chance to be a normal human being and to express his emotions without let or hindrance.

The success of the Far Eastern Games, with their emphasis on fair play and sportsmanship, led directly to the working alliance between the Foreign Department of the Y. M. C. A. and the International Olympic Committee, to which reference has been previously made. The International Olympic Committee is the great outstanding figure of the athletic world. Assuming jurisdiction in 1894, in twenty-six years it has revived the Olympic Games, established an international arena, and conducted seven Olympic contests. Nothing could be finer than its record of a quarter of a century. It has vitalized and given

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IGORROTE SCHOOL-CHILDREN FROM NORTHERN LUZON, PHILIPPINE ISLANDS, PLAYING INDOOR BASEBALL OUTDOORS
This game is called in the Philippines simply "Indoor"

point to athletics in many countries. In a large sense it is the custodian of the athletic welfare of all mankind. Its field is unlimited and its responsibilities commensurate.

While it has brought one-quarter of the world to the Olympic starting post, there remains, however, *much yet to do.* The overwhelming fact is that three-fourths of the peoples of the world are mere spectators at Olympic contests. Practically every point in those contests is won by Great Britain, the United States, and western Europe, while eighty per cent of the world's population wins but ten per cent of the places.

The slogan of the International Olympic Committee is "All sports for all," yet its quadrennial Games were becoming, so far as many of the competing countries were concerned, simply great championship contests between highly trained experts, many of whom were not the product of the great mass of the people engaged in some form of sport. The reason for this is inherent in the nature of the Olympic Committee itself. The Committee is not a promoting body. It has no machinery with which to do basic promotion work in the various nations of the world. It has no practical means of materializing its own slogan, no direct way of bringing about a world condition similar to the condition of Greece in the original Olympic days—a period when every man competing in the great Games represented thousands of lesser ability but of equal effort and interest; rather, it quite rightly is regarded as a paternal supervisory influence.

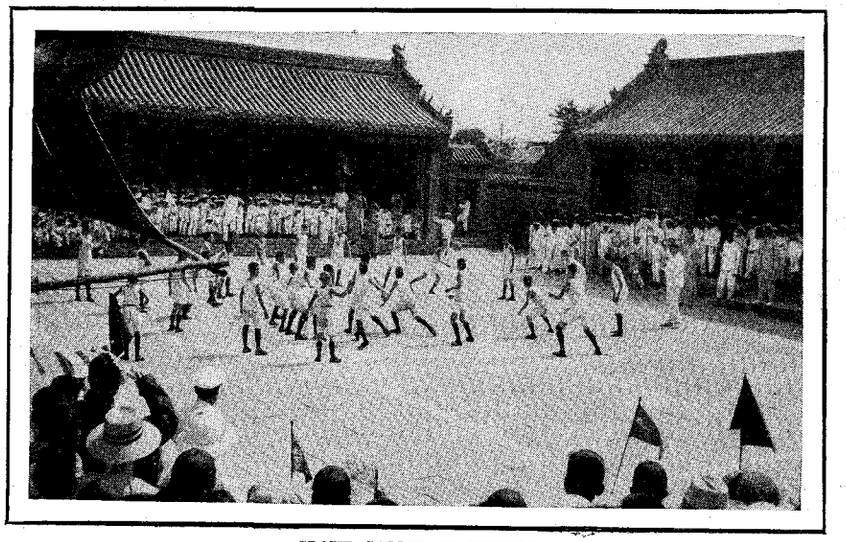
On the other hand, the Young Men's Christian Association emphasizes what may be termed the source of supply, "play for everybody." It thoroughly believes in the International Olympic Committee and most respectfully appreciates what it has done. It was therefore logical and inevitable that these two great world-wide organizations—one with the authority, the prestige, and the slogan, but without the functioning machinery to make that slogan a fact; the other with the functioning machinery and a record of actual accomplishment in the promotion of general play—should come together in a working alliance. This alliance is perhaps best explained in the diagram on the next page.

1. The continuous world-wide effort the bottom stratum represents is the Y. M. C. A. "job" around the world—its continuous responsibility, its basic share of the promotion of interest in physical fitness. Out of this field the Y. M. C. A. only demonstrates its tasks and gives technical advice and assistance in the purely competitive games.

2. Annual national championships in countries where official competitions have not already been established—the Association lends its influence to the conducting of specialized competition once a year and seeks to organize where necessary a national amateur controlling body.

3. Biennial sectional international games—a recognition of the fact that more than half of the world's population to date is not a factor in the International Olympic Games. If that half is ever to be adequately represented at these world's contests, it must first gain skill and confidence through minor Olympics or development games at home, between neighbors of similar skill and equal lack of experience. The Far Eastern Games typify this idea. Following the successful Far Eastern experiment, and now with the full approval of the International Olympic Committee, the Y. M. C. A., if unforeseen complications do not arise, will organize and technically direct prior to the 1924 International Olympic Games, Indian Empire Games, South American International Games, Middle European Games, and Near Eastern Games.

4. The first three sections of the triangle put under the quadrennial Olympics a great basis of world-wide participation, that first of all and best of all delivers its own beneficent results to each individual who participates, whether or not he ever acquires the time and skill to move out of Section 1. It is only a secondary consideration, but none the less normal and inevitable, that



GROUP GAMES IN PEKING

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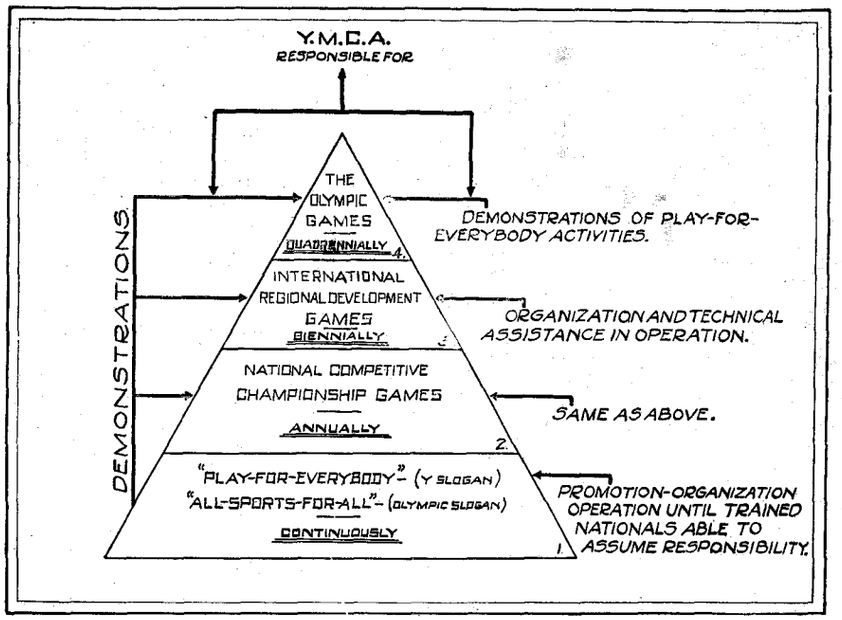

DIAGRAM OF WORKING ALLIANCE BETWEEN THE INTERNATIONAL OLYMPIC COMMITTEE AND THE FOREIGN DEPARTMENT INTERNATIONAL COMMITTEE Y. M. C. A.

the champion athlete is produced. This plan carries, through the Games outlined in Sections 2 and 3 and on into the Olympic Games, convincing demonstrations of the importance and value of simple practical athletics and group games. The fact is emphasized that there is, and must be, a definite connection between mass games and Olympic championships, and that only as the champion is the outgrowth of great groups of ordinary people engaged in some form of sport is he a really "representative" athlete. Thus at the next world's Olympic Games, in Paris in 1924, the thousands of spectators will not only see Olympic champions in action, but will see daily demonstrations of that type of "all-sports-for-all" activities which are proving popular and valuable around the world, and in which they recognize that they can participate with benefit and enjoyment from the first attempt.

As a further explanatory word, it may be said that when this plan is in full operation there will then be a world-wide programme having as its underlying basis, its inspiration, its source of supply, a great community play-for-everybody movement; one which popularizes sport and brings it within reach of everybody, thereby raising the athletic average of each community at large. Out of this group of participants stars will normally emerge, who will shine at the annual national championships, later in the sectional international championships, and finally as representatives of their respective nations at the International Olympic Games. These Games, once they are in fact comprehensive world's athletic festivals, may normally become a powerful and pervading influence for international good will.

Some of the specific results that the introduction of the play programme in various countries is accomplishing are interesting. It will perhaps be advantageous to mention one concrete illustration of results in each of a number of countries.

In *China* for generations the mark of a patrician or "literati," as he is called there, was the long finger nail, the visible and outward demonstration of the fact that he did not work with his hands. The typical wide sleeve of the Chinese gown was developed to protect the long nails. The result of this was a definite loss of normal physical function of the arms. The new political régime in China at a stroke cut off, so to speak, the long finger nails, but could not by an order restore the normal physical ability of the arms. Volley-ball, basket-ball, and baseball are now correcting this physical weakness for tens of thousands of Chinese youth.

In *Japan* only exercises of a strongly individual type were regarded as being worth while. Team effort of any sort was supposed to produce tendencies de-

FILIPINO JAVELIN THROWER

This is the type of physical manhood that the play-for-everybody programme is producing in the Philippines

priving the individual of his chance for the maximum amount of exercise. The value of concerted effort, of sacrifice, of team consciousness, was entirely lost. This had its effect quite naturally upon the whole character of the people. Japan is now literally being swept by interest in simple team games, and before many years this movement will definitely and constructively affect the character of the youth of the country.

In *India* the ever-annoying, ever present caste consciousness disappears as if by magic when a sports programme is put on where the participants must, so to speak, check their caste at the gate. Thousands of them find the relief so great that they feel they cannot be controlled in other relationships by this artificial, unnatural barrier.

Eight years of nation-wide participation in athletics and play in the *Philippine Islands* made it necessary for the native constabulary to raise the physical standard for admission to that body. The United States Army medical examiner, in a written statement, proclaimed that the play programme engaged in so extensively by the younger generation was producing an entirely new physical type. When W. Cameron Forbes was Governor-General, he made a practice of transferring the seat of the Government in the hot season from Manila to Baguio, a beautiful spot in the northern hills of Luzon. It was necessary to take to the temporary capital about three hundred Government clerks to carry on the Government business. These young men definitely objected to being taken into what they regarded as a cold climate and to being separated from their families and friends. They expressed this dissatisfaction in all manner of annoying and petty depredations, such as the destruction or loss of important papers, the marking of walls, and the plugging up of plumbing. No amount of exhortation or infliction of penalties made any impression. In addition to this the Filipino young man, not as yet introduced to sport, regarded it as a disgrace to appear in public in anything but immaculate clothing. He made every effort not to soil his hands, not to engage in any physical activity that might in any fashion muss his clothes.

A combination of petty depredations and immaculate clothing made the whole Baguio proposition almost an impossible one to handle. So Governor Forbes, an old athlete himself, determined to see what the effect of a play programme would be which would reach every individual. The Young Men's Christian Association was asked to set up such a programme, and Government office hours were so arranged as to make participation on the part of every individual possible. Under great difficulties the first few games were conducted. Very soon, however, those who came to laugh remained to play. Before thirty days had passed the Director of Public Works reported that not one case of malicious

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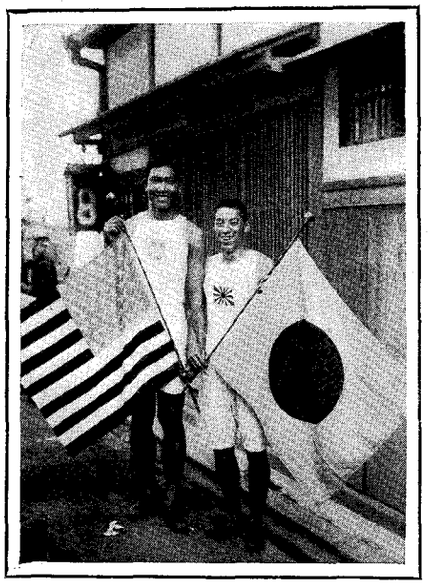
mischief had occurred since the play programme began. Further, he stated that he had found it necessary to issue an order that clerks must come to work in "respectable" appearing clothing, as on the days on which they were to play they came in any old garment they could find, in anticipation of the day's sports.

And so this story might tell you of the return in Greece to-day to the old Greek ideal of every man physically fit at all times; in Czechoslovakia of the great Sokol, fundamentally premilitary physical training, now changing to a play movement; of France, where every agency from the Government to the smallest athletic clubs has united on the play-for-everybody emphasis; of Rumania, where physical fitness earns release from enforced military duty; of Constantinople, where the call from Armenian orphanages, Turkish schools, Greek, French, and British military forces, American sailors, and Turkish young men's clubs is constant for information and help in the organization of play programmes; of Germany, where the present enlightened university men have thrown away the old military type of physical work and are eager for the new recreative play programme; of South America, where general participation now is supplanting onlooking at athletic contests.

The question naturally arises as to who pays the bill in a world-wide programme of this sort; who supports these Americans abroad; what does it cost per man per year? The budget for a year of one of these athletic missionaries—of one of these men who does his utmost to pass on to the country in which he works America's best in athletics, is about $5,000, covering travel, salary, and other expenses. It is carried in each case in America by individuals or groups of individuals, such as Rotary Clubs, business men's organizations, and the like—by men who cannot go themselves, but who express themselves and their American ideals in exercise and sport through the foreign physical directors of the Y. M. C. A. A well-known Middle Western business man, in pledging his support of a physical director in the Far East, said that he had nursed an ambition all his life to be of some personal service, as an American, to the people of China. He found it impossible to go himself, and therefore he undertook the budget of a physical director, who, he felt, would be his personal representative with the people to whom he was sent. In underwriting this budget he said:



A FILIPINO AND A JAPANESE WHO HAVE MET IN A FRIENDLY SPIRIT ON THE ATHLETIC FIELD

"If at the end of three years I can have the consciousness of having made possible the introduction of the best American ideas in physical education to hundreds of Chinese, I will consider it the most satisfactory investment I have ever made so far as real returns are concerned."

He was assured that not only hundreds, but thousands, would be helped, and further that the man representing him would keep him up to date on the "earnings" of his investment month by month through direct reports.

And therefore as this is read a great co-operative effort is under way around the world to include Olympic Committees, governments, military establishments, schools, universities, and industrial units, with all of which the Y. M. C. A. is serving and co-operating, in a great effort to bring the values and joys of a rational physical play life to every possible person.

It is not too much to hope that this world plan, as it increasingly offers the joy of a natural physical life to the individual and brings the nations together on the common and friendly field of sport, will do its full share in preparing the way for international good will and peace.

THE DEPARTMENT STORE INVADES "FOUR CORNERS"

BY JOHN F. THORNTON, JR.

THE average business man, unless he has made a searching study of trade conditions, has no adequate conception of the business opportunities in rural America. He is likely to think of a small town or village as the focus of a sluggish exchange and a starved social life. Thanks to the cartoonist and the fiction writer, he imagines that rural trading activities center in the general store, with its inevitable post office, wood stove, and group of village Hampdens.

I have just returned from a trip which carried me into half a dozen representative farming districts. In the State of Washington I had occasion to visit a little town of four thousand population. It is an every-day, conventional country town, but within its limits is a full-fledged department store. Last year this store did a business of $783,940. By chance I came upon another rural department store in the hill country of Missouri. It is in a town of three thousand people. Last year its sales amounted to a quarter of a million dollars. In a little town in the southwest corner of Georgia a week-end stopover introduced me to another department store. It is built of gray stone, four stories and a basement, and covers a block—this in a town of fewer than twenty-eight hundred inhabitants. I could not get figures for 1920. But in 1919 the net retail sales of merchandise in this store aggregated $898,486.

These are not isolated instances. They bid fair to become typical of rural America. For the department store and the smaller specialty shop are invading "Four Corners" in increasing numbers. Their foresighted owners are tapping at their respective points of contact a market which has just begun to engage the attention of our manufacturers. It is a market that holds excellent openings for independent retailers and dealers.

The investment in American farms and farm equipment represents, in round numbers, something like $70,000,000,000. That is a sum equal to the total capital of any three other major industries that might be cited. Our economists and advertising experts are exhausting their ingenuity in trying to visualize this farm market for lethargic manufacturers. If the farmers, they say, should decide to go into some other business, they could sell their live stock and one year's crops, and they would have enough money to buy all the railways of the country, including their equipment. If they wanted to go out of the farming business entirely, they could sell their farms along with their crops and live stock and with that money they could buy all the mines, all the quarries, all the railways, and nearly all the manufacturing establishments in the United States. Again, they say, consider the farm market as an industry in which there are more than 6,000,000 plants or factories for the production of foodstuffs, as compared with the 600,000

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manufacturing establishments of all kinds that comprise our manufacturing industry.

That dynamic conception of the farmer's business—as a food industry—has in it the secret of the farmer's advance as a buyer. In thousands of farming districts throughout America where his machinery is making a profit on high-priced and cheap land alike and where scientific and co-operative methods are placing his business on a higher plane, wealth is actually increasing faster than in the cities. The average buying power of the American farmer has in the past four years increased from $1,600 to $3,400. The average for the city man remains at $900 a year.

With the variety of agricultural enterprise in the country, it is difficult to estimate the amount of tools and machinery needed in these millions of food plants. And it is equally difficult to estimate the amount of supplies, clothing, and household equipment needed by these millions of citizens. For the American farmer and his family are no longer content to exist on the very barest necessities of life. They are buying heavily, and will in the future buy still heavier. We have to-day in the United States twenty million more mouths to feed than we had ten years ago, and the demands of other nations for our foodstuffs are becoming more and more insistent. And only about half the land available has yet been improved. There is another feature of the farm market that deserves consideration. Two-thirds of all the farmers in America own their own homes, while two-thirds of our city dwellers do not own their own homes. And farming is a business that is generally passed down from father to son through generations. The farm market has therefore that most desirable market quality—permanency.

The mail-order concerns have studied this very attractive farm market for years, for nearly all of their business comes from small towns and country districts. Three of these houses during the first three months of the year 1920 did a gross business of $77,155,230, in spite of subnormal trade activity throughout the country. They have driven hundreds of old-fashioned country storekeepers out of business.

But the new country merchant is successfully meeting their competition. The mail-order concerns already established will undoubtedly continue to be an essential part of our marketing machinery. But there are those who doubt that they will ever be able to extend their business. The automobile makes it easy for the countryman to do his shopping in town. And he is learning that the mail-order house gives no better values than his local merchant when the relative services rendered are considered. The mail-order house receives cash, and then sends on its goods. But the small-town merchant grants credit for from one to six months, makes good at once any imperfections in an article, and makes immediate delivery to the customer's door even when he lives in the country.

Nor are the chain stores or the co-operative stores proving serious competitors of the independent country merchant. The co-operative retail establishment has rarely succeeded in a large way in the United States—principally because of its policy of "cash and carry." In centers of population sufficiently dense to assure a large and prompt turnover the chain store renders a very important service, and will undoubtedly continue. On the other hand, absentee ownership with salaried management has time and again proved inefficient when contrasted with owner management.

It is largely this personal equation in salesmanship that insures the independent retail unit a secure place in our distributive system. The world over, a man or woman prefers to trade with a friend. That is the reason why big business concerns are establishing schools where the art of making friends is taught their salespeople. There is another phase of merchandising which argues in favor of the independent merchant—credit. It is a fact not generally appreciated that most of our working people spend their pay before they receive it. The wage-earner or salaried worker is paid, upon an average, twice a month—not in advance, but when his work is done. He is therefore extending credit to his employer for the value of his labor. And he, in turn, must use his credit if he is to live. In even greater degree than the city worker does the farmer depend on his credit from the day he invests in seeds to the day he turns over his crop. And so a thorough study of credit methods must preface any attempt to meet the needs of the farm market.

This farm market is split into two major divisions. First comes the farmer himself. Those alarmists who point to an impending food famine have found cause for additional alarm in the 1920 Census returns. Our farms are growing fewer and the number of agricultural workers less. On their face, these figures point to a serious state of affairs. But, despite the reduction in rural population, we are suffering no falling off in cultivated acreage, and our farmers are decidedly more prosperous. The explanation of this is *machinery*. Machinery of increasing capacity and speed is doing for agriculture what it has done for industry. It is enabling one man to accomplish what formerly required several men to do. That is why in the State of Missouri alone farmers have purchased more than 14,000 tractors in the last two years. It is the reason why the farmers of Illinois have spent more than $75,000,000 for power equipment for their farms, and are still buying it.

There are hundreds of merchants in small towns successfully meeting a growing demand for machinery, machinery supplies, hardware, and other mechanical equipment. Galvanized fencings "knock-down" cribs and bins, tractors, gasoline engines, milk coolers, manure spreaders, motor trucks, power saws, separators, feed mills, potato planters and diggers, and grain and corn binders—these are but a few of the instrumentalities of the new agriculture. Electrical dealers are finding a steadily growing market in the rural districts. Every day farmers are buying electrical plants or are tapping transmission lines and securing power and light for their barns, granaries, blacksmith shops, dairies, poultry houses, yards, elevators, and storage bins.

Electricity alone is creating a tremendous market in farm homes, which constitute the second division of the rural market. The power that runs the farm machinery and lights its buildings is being shunted into the farm home to operate the vacuum cleaner and churn the cream and light the front room. Our electric light and power companies plan to spend approximately four billion dollars within the next four years in an effort to meet the demands for their service. Five million homes within reach of electricity are waiting to be wired. Power washers, electric irons, vacuum cleaners, and electric fans are beginning to sell heavily in the rural districts. Many distributers of electric-lighting plants have made an interesting observation regarding their rural sales. Almost invariably the purchase of a lighting plant is followed by the purchase of better house furnishings and equipment. More artistic wall papers come into demand, and the sale of paints and varnishes increases. Rugs, pictures, and furniture which "passed" under the mellow glow of the kerosene lamp do not show up well under electricity, and they are gradually being replaced.

Hot and cold water systems, kitchen cabinets, oil vapor stoves, indoor toilets and baths, power ironing machines, sewing-machines, automobile accessories, plumbing supplies, player pianos—these items merely suggest the long list of accompaniments of the new rural civilization that are in heavy demand. For the farmer is no longer satisfied to live in a timber shack and exist on corn pone, molasses, and sow-belly. And the farmer's wife and children are likely to be as well informed on styles as their city cousins. The National magazine has destroyed the long delay that once existed between the metropolitan use of comforts, conveniences, and luxuries and their ultimate adoption in the rural district.

It is a live, discriminating market of wonderful potentiality, this rural market. But the merchant who enters it must make a very careful analysis of his market peculiarities. That has not been necessary in the past few years, even in the large city. But the seller's market has definitely passed. And the merchant of to-day must be informed in intimate detail on the quantity and quality of goods demanded in his market if he would achieve a ready absorption of his wares.

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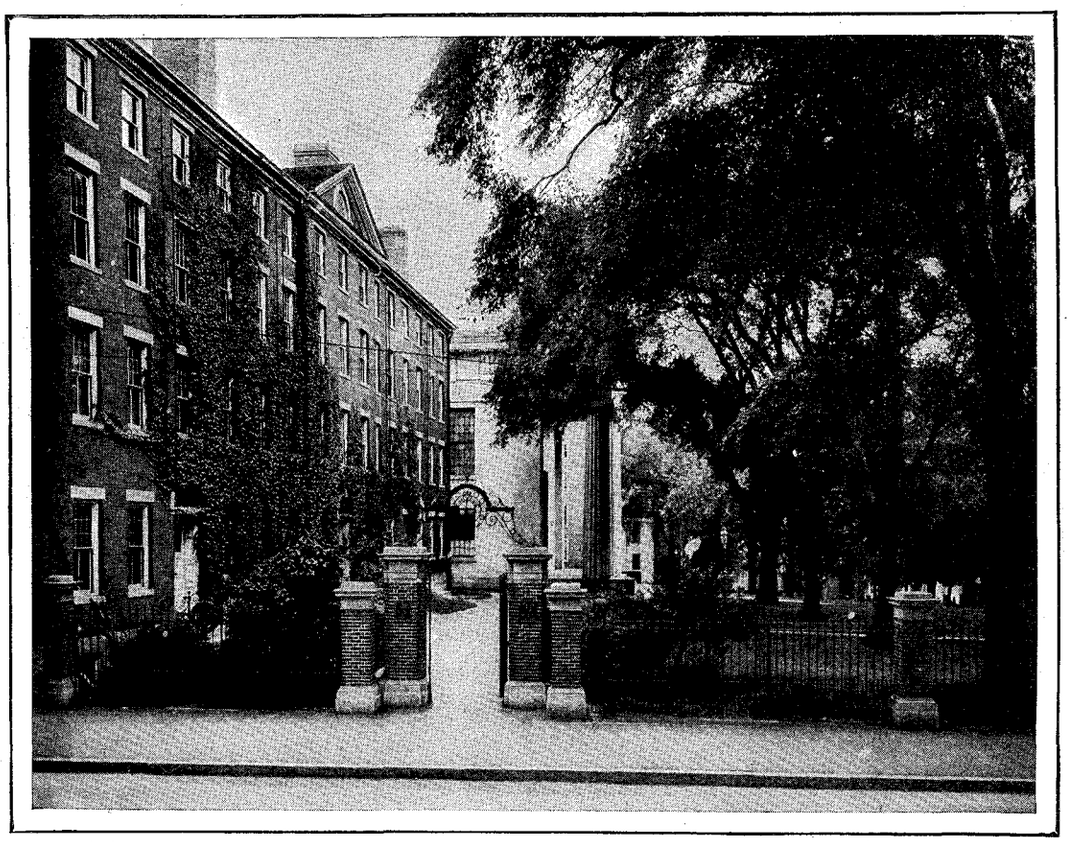

"BROWN UNIVERSITY ALONE WOULD HAVE PUT ANY CITY WEST OF THE ALLEGHANIES EVERLASTINGLY ON THE MAP"

PEREGRINATIONS ABOUT PROVIDENCE

BY NEWTON FUESSLE

CITIES often assume a personality, a symbolic outgrowth of their deeds. One pictures Chicago as a raw Mid-Western giant, cultivating a garden of sky-scrapers in a bed of sand, slaughtering swine by day and cheering opera singers by night, driving railway lines into every conceivable direction and tying their ends into an enormous local knot, and at length growing articulate in words as well as deeds through its Carl Sandburgs, Edgar Lee Masters, and Sherwood Andersons. Pittsburgh stands night and day at its blast furnaces like a grimy Titan. Detroit rushes into public view on a raging torrent of motor cars, Akron on a vast billow of gutta-percha, and Hollywood in the saddle of a cinematic cyclone.

The older cities, which had their beginnings long before these civic children of the West, are less easily definable in such obvious terms. Their patterns are more complex and their motives intermingled. Some have grown so old that they are content to sit by the fire and ruminate over the history they have ground out of the hopper of time. Some have grown old and yet have managed to remain singularly young. Such a city is Providence, Rhode Island. It is an amazing municipal mosaic of the old and the new. It contains a church, the First Baptist, that has stood longer than the Declaration of Independence. Both the church and the city were founded by Roger Williams, the Welsh dissenter, to whom the site of Providence was deeded in 1639—from which it may be gathered that centennial celebrations have grown to be almost a chestnut in Providence.

When it comes to the art of merchandising, other cities are mere adolescents compared with Providence, which has the oldest department store in America—Gladding's, which has been a going institution ever since 1766. Its sign of the Bunch of Grapes has moved with it from habitation to habitation, and still hangs tantalizingly over the door, reminding the athirst of the vanished days of heady mead and pewter mugs. Gladding's has since been surpassed, but only in size, by the Outlet Company, which took the town by storm twenty years ago and has built up the largest department store in Providence.

Ever since its earliest day Providence has been both a civic and industrial pioneer. The first long-distance telephone line was from Providence to Wauregan. The first wireless telegraph in practical operation was between Providence and Block Island. Providence provided the American Navy with its first admiral—Esek Hopkins. Providence had its brass foundries as early as 1762; General Nathaniel Greene forged anchors as a boy in its iron works; and Daniel Anthony's 32-spindle spring frame, probably the first in America, was set up and operated there in 1787.

A MERRY MODE OF RAISING REVENUE

Painless taxation is not as impossible as it sounds. Public funds can be raised in a way that will not necessarily make the populace whimper or dodge. The way to do it is to glorify taxation into a festive pastime, something to stir the sportsman's blood and to thrill the civic dullard. It can be done. Raising public funds can even be made synonymous with the rowdy phrase, "Ain't we got fun!" Providence discovered how as early as 1761. In that remote year Providence decided to quit slopping through the mud and to have some paved streets. It needed $30,000, and the money was raised in a flash—by means of a lottery!

The Puritan mind was a delightful affair. It sanctioned lotteries, but ran strolling companies of actors out of town. But it seems that the sheriff who was to publish and enforce the act prohibiting theatrical performances was himself a theater-goer, and before doing his official duty it is said that he attended the performance that was kicking up all the rumpus, and did not put the law into effect until after the final curtain.

Providence no longer frowns upon drama. It now has twenty-seven theaters and does not lag far behind Boston

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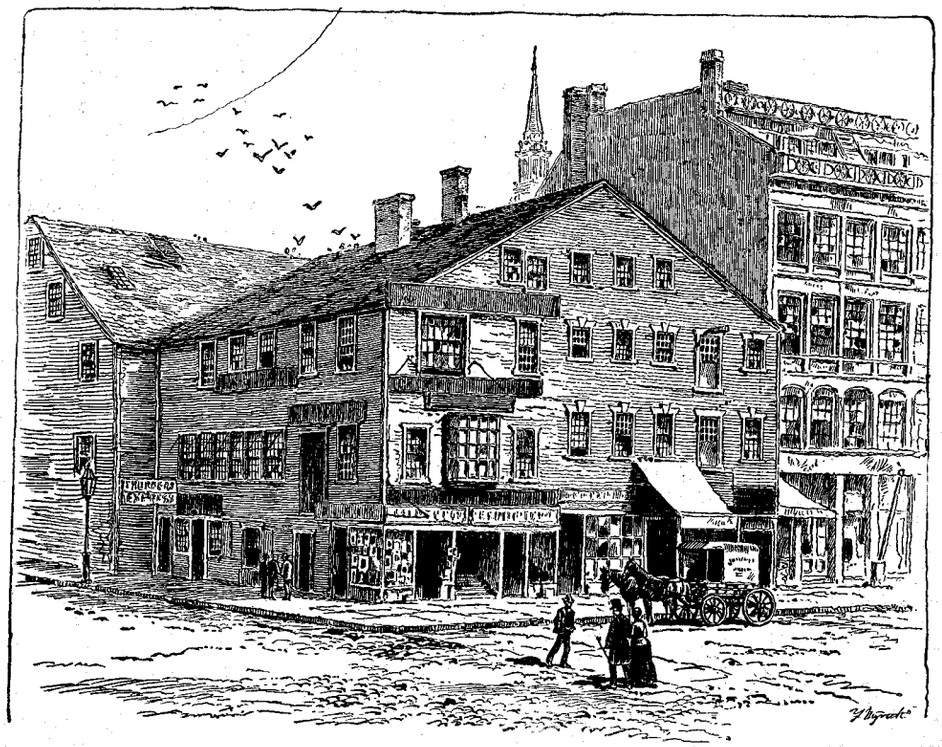

"THE COFFEE HOUSE," ONE OF THE LANDMARKS OF OLD PROVIDENCE, WAS LOCATED AT THE CORNER OF CANAL STREET AND MARKET SQUARE

in gayety. If you doubt this, drop in some night at Dreyfus's, where the gay ones dance to the seductive, jazzy measures of Mata's Marimba Band from Guatemala.

And Providence no longer frowns on jewelry. The Gorham Company's remarkable plant, with its skilled workers in gold and silversmithing and its sculptural bronze workers, is located in the Elmwood section of Providence. The imitation pearls of the Karpeles Company are turned out in quantities that would have shocked the souls of the city's stern Puritanical founders. Ostby & Barton keep more than a thousand workers making wedding rings alone.

A MATTER OF PRECISION

Providence is noted for buying its metal by the ton and selling it again in the form of products so remarkable that their mere weight no longer counts.

About ninety years ago a modest silversmith and cutler, David Brown by name, with his son, Joseph R. Brown, founded a shop for repairing watches and making clocks. Thus began the present world-renowned Brown & Sharpe Manufacturing Company, one of the largest concerns in Providence, makers of amazingly ingenious machines for milling, grinding, automatic gear cutting, and screw-making, and of a great variety of instruments of precision. The products of this company have made possible the exact duplication of parts in the mass production of automobiles, typewriters, electrical equipment, telephone instruments, and guns. It is said that if a mechanic has ever worked for this company he can get a mechanical job anywhere.

Wherever in the world there is anything to be filed or rasped, the products of the Nicholson File Company are likewise known. This concern, together with the world-known American Screw Company, is headed by Colonel Samuel M. Nicholson.

THE WALL STREET OF PROVIDENCE

South Main Street is sometimes called the Wall Street of Providence. One hears its "grand old traditions" reverently spoken of. The building that originally housed them is still intact; but its modernized methods now direct some of the largest institutions in the State and many large outside interests.

The original Brown and Ives Building has been enlarged to accommodate numerous firms. Yet the newest addition looks as ancient as the original walls. The architects dug up the identical formula by which the building's first bricks were made, and provided exact replicas of the original shutters. This old and honorable building wears an inscrutable air; men of immense wealth drive to its doors every day; it is the source of large donations to the philanthropic, public-spirited, and cultural institutions of Rhode Island.

South Water Street is still lined with the shipping headquarters of more than a hundred years ago, when Providence played second fiddle to no other American port. Providence is determined to get back its lost eminence as a port. Its Chamber of Commerce claims that it is the nearest, easiest, and cheapest New England port to reach from Southern waters; that it is the most centrally located harbor with respect to the greater population of New England; that it is nearer than either Baltimore or New Orleans to all of the principal Eastern ports of South America; and two days nearer than San Francisco to the Panama Canal.

A spirited fight is in progress over the proposed extension of the Grand Trunk, which, it is claimed, would vastly benefit the State and rapidly develop the port of Providence. The only railway now entering Providence is the New York, New Haven, and Hartford. The coming of the Grand Trunk, according to its sponsors, would make Narragansett Bay an invaluable connecting link between Southern ports and the West, via Canada.

The Standard Oil Company has recently spent something like $7,000,000 or $8,000,000 in development work, building its ship terminals, pipe lines, refineries, and chemical works at Providence. Kerosene, vaseline, lubricants, and by-products are made on a huge scale.

ITS CAPITALS AND CLUBS

Did you know that until 1900 Rhode Island had two State capitals? One was in Providence and one in Newport; alternating sessions of the Legislature were held in each city. And did you know that you've got to be a property-owner if you want to qualify in Providence to vote for candidates for the Common Council or the Board of Aldermen? But this obstacle is not insuperable—you can get by if you own $134 worth of property.

As for local politics, it makes no difference in Providence what party you belong to. Joseph H. Gainer, though a Democrat, is so well liked that Republicans and Democrats get together every two years and re-elect him Mayor.

New York has its Bankers' Club, tucked against the sky on the top floor of the Equitable Building; Chicago has its Cliff Dwellers; but Providence has a club that rivals both of these. It is the Turk's Head. It balances itself adroitly on the sixteenth and top floor of the tallest building in the State. Turk's Head sounds more grotesque than this

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club really is. All the big business men in Providence seem to belong to it and to go there for luncheon.

But it hasn't nearly as long or formidable a waiting list as the quaint little Art Club. Among corporation heads there are many in whom the soul of an artist is being stifled in the breast of a man of affairs. In Providence men of this stamp all sooner or later become lay members of the Art Club. It has a charm and flavor that the Salmagundi Club of New York or the Savage Club of London might envy. An artist can get in almost any time, but lay candidates are kept waiting for years; it is the most exclusive club in the State. When winter comes, this club has enough open fireplaces to rebuff the hardest New England blasts. A perennial controversy rages—Shall the accumulated soot of about a century be removed from the Colonial ceilings, or shall it be allowed to remain? It is needless to add what side the artist members take in the wrangle or that the lay members are always compelled to lie down.

The Art Club has a Narragansett Indian as a chef; his pumpkin pies are worth traveling far to sample. It was over some of his pie that I had the good fortune to meet Dr. Mead, to whom America's epicureans owe a decided debt. This genial professor, head of the department of biology at Brown University, is familiarly known as the "lobster king." He lives a good share of the time on his house-boat, studying shell-fish and contributing conspicuously to the prolongation of the life and numbers of that desirable race. His department is probably the most famous one at Brown, although one hears that in electrical engineering it has forged so sharply forward that the General Electric Company gives preference in employing engineers to graduates of Brown.

Brown University alone would have put any city west of the Alleghanies everlastingly on the map. It is headed by President William H. P. Faunce. It has graduated statesmen like John Hay and Charles E. Hughes. Its football team has recently given both Yale and Harvard the tussles of their lives.

It was also at the Art Club that I learned much about Providence from G. Richmond Parsons, president of the Crompton Company, manufacturers of corduroy and velveteen and inventors of the popular "All Weather" corduroy. Mr. Parsons, though master of 1,200 looms, has the soul of an æsthete, and is typical of the lay membership of the club.

WHY POE VISITED PROVIDENCE

Romantic memories cling to Providence in ways that the casual visitor would never guess. It was to Providence that Edgar Allan Poe used to go to visit the beautiful Sarah Helen Whitman.

Poe's poem in blank verse entitled "Helen" commemorates the first time he saw the poetess, Sarah Helen Whitman, who subsequently became one of his greatest friends and to whom he was at one time engaged to be married. He first saw her when he was on a journey to Boston to lecture. Restless, at midnight, he wandered from his hotel located near her home, and saw her walking in a garden.

The Lighted Taper is the sort of a tea-room that Greenwich Village might envy. It is somewhere on Benefit Street—they have odd Puritanical street names in Providence. There is an intersection of Benefit and Benevolent Streets.

"IT WAS TO PROVIDENCE THAT POE USED TO GO TO VISIT SARAH HELEN WHITMAN"

It must be a fine place to accost prosperous-looking citizens and ask alms.

Some of its hotels have borne romantic names—What Cheer, Bunch of Grapes, Bull's Head, Two Crowns, Sign of the Golden Lion, Hoyle's Tavern, Golden Bull. The new Biltmore Hotel will soon be completed.

An event is not news in Rhode Island until reported in the Providence "Journal," founded in 1820. It was edited for a time by James B. Angell, later President of the University of Michigan, the father of James R. Angell, President of Yale. John R. Ratham and his staff made an international reputation for this paper.

Although twenty per cent of the 247,666 population of Providence are Italians, the large affairs of the city, especially financial, have remained almost entirely in the hands of its old families. Where but in Providence could one find so almost unbroken a list of Anglo-Saxon names as those of the Boards of Directors of the Industrial Trust Company and the Rhode Island Hospital Trust Company?

A UNIQUE SCHOOL

The financiers of Providence are an unusually human crowd. They are responsible for one of America's unique educational institutions—the Rhode Island School of Design, founded in 1878. It teaches not only painting, drawing, modeling, and designing; but architecture; interior decoration; decorating, mechanical, and textile design; textile chemistry; jewelry and silversmithing. It has the only building in the United States devoted exclusively to the teaching of jewelry design and manufacture, and forges a new link between the academic world and that of manufacture. There is scarcely a large machine shop, textile mill, or jewelry factory in the vicinity of Providence that does not employ people trained in this School of Design. Graduates are practicing their trades and professions practically throughout the world. Nearly 2,000 pupils are enrolled.

The school was the idea of the late Mrs. Jesse Metcalf. Messrs. Jesse Metcalf, Stephen O. Metcalf, Manton B. Metcalf, and Mrs. Gustav Radeke have been tireless supporters of the institution.

THE ANCESTOR OF AKRON

Do you associate only Akron with the manufacture of rubber goods? Well, Providence was manufacturing them as early as 1837 under the Goodyear patents; in 1880 she was producing $2,000,000 worth of rubber goods a year; the great Davol organization has supplied surgeons, druggists, and dentists with the highest grade of such goods since 1875.

Frederick Grinnell read an important paper forty-three years ago before the New England Cotton Manufacturers' Association on extinguishing fires in factories, and then he invented the automatic fire extinguisher that bears his name; it is manufactured in Providence.

The Corliss engine, which marked a great advance over any previous steam-engine, is a product of Providence. The city was also once a great rifle-making center; if you have an old breech-loader among your curios, it was probably made in Providence.

Some of the big mills of the American Woolen Company are located in Providence; so is the office of the extensive B. B. and R. Knight cotton mills that weave the well-known "Fruit of the Loom."

The late Samuel P. Colt was a prominent financial figure in the community. Colonel George L. Shepley is said to have added more useful service twists to the science of insurance than any one else in New England. Herbert W. Rice, of the U. S. Gutta Percha Paint Company, sells his "Barrelled Sunlight" to industrial plants all over the country, even to such organizations as the Pennsylvania Railroad, which operates its own factory. Mr. Rice is supposed to have no competition save that of Old Sol himself.

Providence was not made in a day, and it can't be seen in a year—in fact, the Shepley Library on Benefit Street, which is open to the public each afternoon, contains records of historical Providence and old Rhode Island which it has taken a lifetime to collect.

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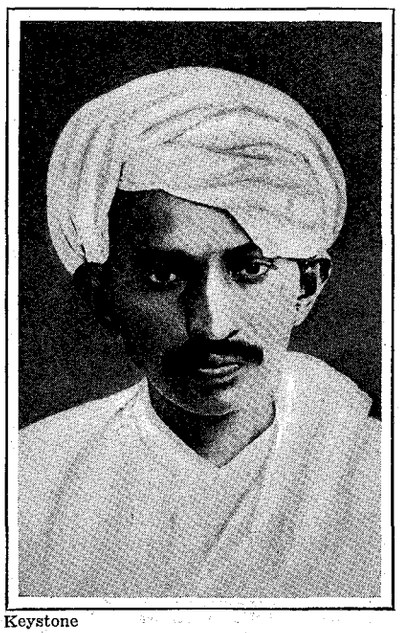
THE BRITISH RAJ AND TROUBLED INDIA

BY P. W. WILSON

THE Prince of Wales is now in India, where he is paying the visit which had been postponed several times owing to the disturbed condition of the country. From India the Prince will proceed to Burma and Japan, and his tour may be regarded, therefore, as a royal gesture by which once more Britain beckons to Asia. The Prince has been received in a manner very different from the behavior of India towards the Duke of Connaught. When the Duke braved unrest in the East, the influence of Mahatma Gandhi was at its height. He was able to inspire large populations with his policy of simple boycott. An eye-witness has told me of the deserted streets of Delhi when the Duke drove to his Durbar. It was the absence of the people that kept the peace. To-day, however, the spiritual leadership of Gandhi is shaken. On the one hand, the more moderate Nationalists are seeing that the new parliaments of India are a great success and that to refrain from co-operating with them, as Gandhi advises, would be a blunder. On the other hand, the more enthusiastic of Gandhi's disciples find it harder every day to refrain from physical violence. While the teacher is pacifist, the followers resemble Boanerges, the sons of thunder. Hence it was no empty grandstand that greeted the Prince at Bombay. There were multitudes to meet him, but the multitudes were divided. A minority rioted, and in one city a missile was thrown at the Prince. It was found that the British Raj could not be merely ignored, as if it were a thing that had no existence. There was bound to be an act of hostility corresponding to the thought. The lesson of Tolstoy in Russia and of intellectual Sinn Fein in Ireland was repeated in India. Blood was shed, and Gandhi, horrified, has done penance for the excesses of his friends. The penance illustrates his piety, but it also reveals his limitations as a statesman. From the days of Buddha onwards India has produced many such mystics. In their mysticism, however, there has always been something lacking. Gandhi has well deserved his vogue. He has so lived and so spoken as to enrich the life and thought of the world. But even India is finding out that he is only human. The extremists are no longer satisfied with non-co-operation and non-resistance. They demand the more rapid promotion of Indian officers in the army. They wish to control the military machine, and their aim is another mutiny—the very negation of all that Gandhi has taught.

The most impressive achievement of Gandhi has been perhaps his leadership of the Moslems as well as the Hindus. For the first time in the history of India there seemed to be developing a common citizenship, inclusive of divergent religions. For those who appreciate the curse of caste this was, and still remains, a most encouraging circumstance. No one who compares the architecture of an Indian temple with the architecture of an Indian mosque can fail to see that in the Empire there are two civilizations struggling for predominance, as diverse from each other as the Moors were diverse from the Catholics of Spain. Sharing a genuine indignation against the repressive Rowlatt Acts and the Amritzar shootings, Moslem and Hindu have been able to unite in criticism of the authorities, and this alliance was cemented by the anger of the Moslems over the Treaty of Sèvres, which, in their opinion, insulted the Sultan of Turkey, the head of the Islamic faith. It was a situation absolutely inevitable. If deism be the essence of the Mohammedan creed, its first application is temporal power. Yet throughout the world the Mohammedans are in a more or less measure subject to Christendom. In the very central objective of their faith, the exercise of force and the use of authority, they have failed. Therefore when Christendom collapsed and displayed towards Turkey all the inanities of diplomatic intrigue, the Moslems everywhere were deeply stirred. In Egypt there was a demand for independence. In Palestine the inhabitants are strongly resisting Zionist immigration. In Syria the French are in difficulties, and in Mesopotamia the British also. Afghanistan has broken loose from her treaties with India and is, like Persia, under Russian influence, while on the Malabar coast the Moplahs are in insurrection.



Keystone

GANDHI, INDIA'S PASSIVE REVOLUTIONARY

The true nature of the Moplah rising has been ridiculously misrepresented in the United States. I have here an article by an Indian writer who estimates that there are a million Moplahs and writes as if this rebellion were an evidence of Indian nationalism. The real number of Moplahs is more nearly 30,000 and their activities are the precise opposite to all that makes for the unity of India. They are highlanders. Of Arab extraction, their belief in Islam is correspondingly fanatical. Their warfare is purely religious and they fight in order to convert. It is not against the British as such that they are struggling. All infidels alike are their prey. They descend on Indian communities, plunder, enslave, and mutilate their victims where they do not slay them. Neither age nor sex is spared. The exploits of the Moplahs are an admirable example of the horrors which, like the thugs and the dacoits, the British Raj holds in check. The military operations now proceeding are defensive of the Indian people themselves. There is no distinction save in the scale of the calamity between a Moplah raid and an Armenian massacre. The idea that India with a majority of non-Moslems will rise in support of these wild tribesmen is on the face of it absurd.

During the suppression of the Moplahs there was one grim tragedy which furnishes several side-lights on the problem of governing India. A number of prisoners were transported in a train which had been apparently repainted. The ventilators were thus obstructed, and the unfortunate men were overcome by the heat and lack of air. For the propagandist this was indeed a most valuable event. He immediately suggested that the British had filled the carriage with poison gas. He then compared the calamity with the Black Hole of Calcutta, not realizing that the very comparison reflected on the alleged golden age of India before the British ruined the country. Also he forgot to mention that in the early days of the war essentially the same disaster happened to a regiment of unseasoned territorial troops from England, who lost scores of lives in the Karachi troop train. Looking into the matter more deeply, let us ask why Indian railways sometimes need improvement. It is a question that opens up a wide vista of most instructive speculation. A basic fact in India has been that the man with money to lend expects 35 per cent interest on it. You cannot finance railways at 35 per cent, and Britain has supplied much of the capital at under 4 per cent. Until Indians learn to invest their money at industrial as distinct from usurious rates the development of their country must depend upon foreigners. The absorption of precious metals in India has been enormous, and frequently the family funds are banked in the ornaments worn by the women. As long as the talent is thus wrapped up in a napkin

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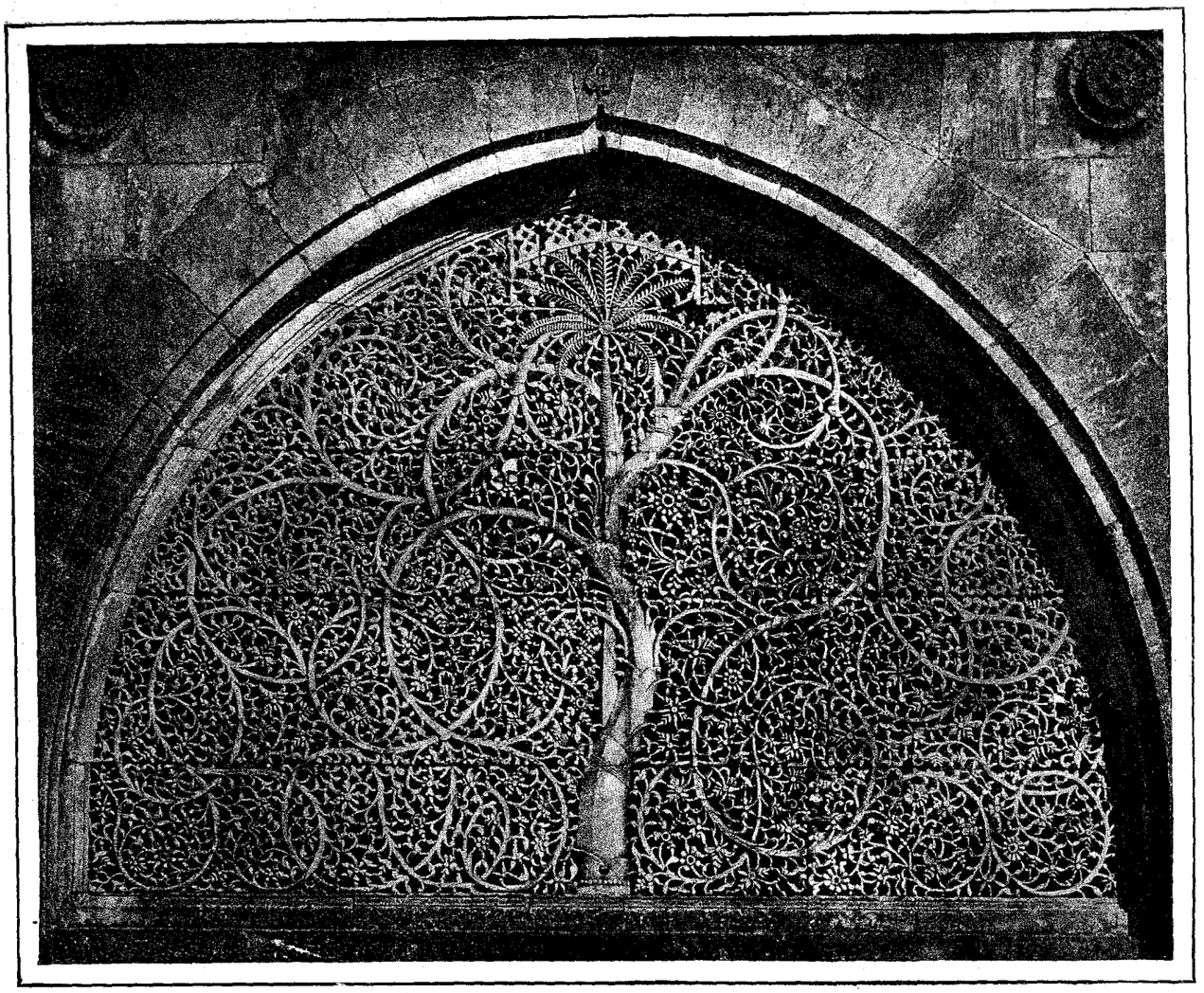

FROM "INDIAN ARCHITECTURE," BY E. B. HAVELL (JOHN MURRAY, LONDON)

ONE OF THE GLORIES OF INDIAN CIVILIZATION—PERFORATED STONE WINDOW OF SIDI SAYYID'S MOSQUE, AT AHMADABAD, INDIA

"In this class of window tracery," says Havell in his "Indian Architecture," "India stands alone. . . . Sidi Sayyid's Mosque is remarkable for the glorious tracery of its arched windows, which besides ventilating the interior give it almost as much warmth of color as the jeweled windows of Western cathedrals"

other talents not so concealed will be used. Railways financed from London are managed from London, which absentee management is not good. And an official report has just advised that the companies be transferred to Indian territory and so reorganized. Also there is established a growing network of savings and other banks in India, which is making Indian funds available for Indian enterprises, and is incidentally breaking the power of the Indian usurer. The farmers are receiving credit at a reasonable rate. It is just possible that some money-lenders do not like this, and naturally they are dissatisfied with British rule. It is not always the fault of a Government that it gets itself disliked in certain quarters.

The gospel of non-co-operation is, after all, not easy to apply. The simple life is doubtless an ideal, but the abundant life will in the end win mankind. While the Friends of Indian Freedom in the United States say, and say rightly, that the mass of the people are still illiterate, you have Gandhi telling the children not to go to school. In a country which is in the main agricultural the advice is popular, for the farmer is seldom zealous for book-learning, especially if he has to pay for it in taxes. If only one in a hundred Indian women can read and write, the question arises whether the fault lies with the Westerner and his missionaries or with the Easterner and his seclusion of women, not only from education but from essential medical services. One reason for Indian unrest has been the high price of commodities, and especially of cotton. Yet Gandhi has been burning bales of cotton at the ports merely because they come from abroad, and especially from Britain. And his supporters in the United States hold out the hope that this will help American trade in India, as if it mattered to India one way or the other whether manufactured cotton goods come from one country or its commercial rival. As a matter of fact, the very bales of cotton which have been destroyed probably included raw material from the Southern States of the Union. Gandhi's ceremonies are impressive, but his policy is as impossible as turning back the clock. When his Moslem comrades, the Ali brothers, were arrested, nothing happened. Gandhi himself seems to have lost the support of Rabindranath Tagore, and of course he never had Annie Besant with him in his policy of boycott. He promised his supporters that if they would refuse to co-operate with the Government for a year the Government would cease to exist. The year is over, but the Government survives. And for a simple reason: It is not perhaps beloved; but it is indispensable. We none of us like the dentist, but we dare not abolish him even by an overwhelming plurality of votes. India must send telegrams and post letters and travel by train and use water for irrigation. All these things may bespeak an alien tyranny, but they have become the necessities of life.

Hence the steady progress of the policy alternative to Gandhi's. An increasing number of thoughtful Indians are saying that the true liberation of the

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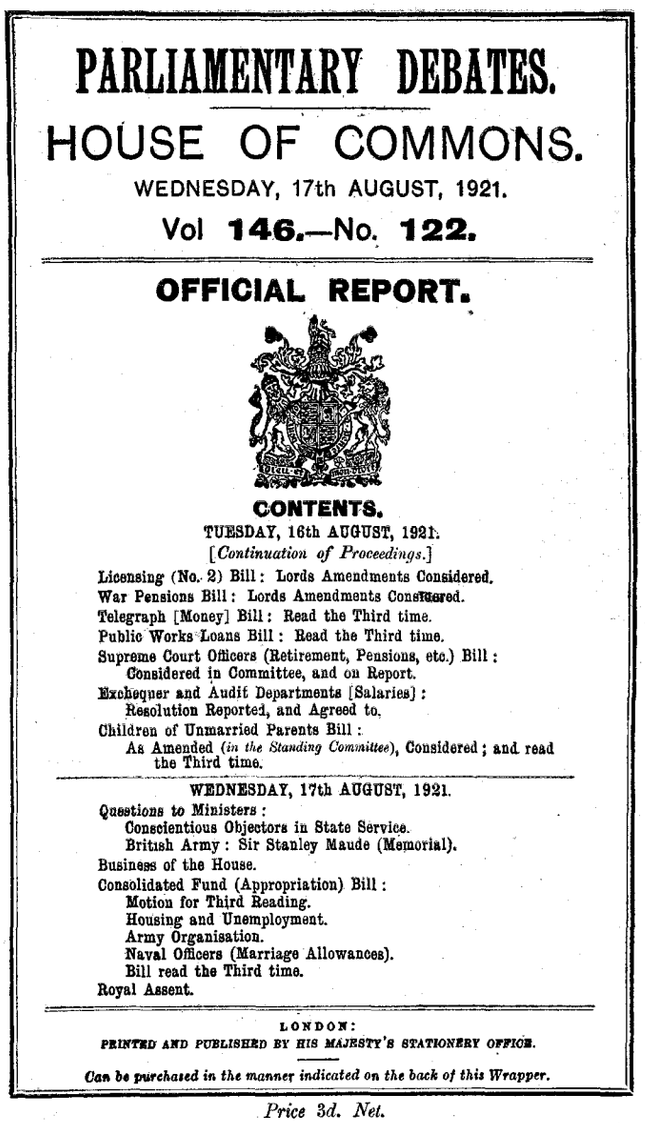

PARLIAMENTARY DEBATES.

HOUSE OF COMMONS.

WEDNESDAY, 17th AUGUST, 1921.

Vol 146.—No. 122.

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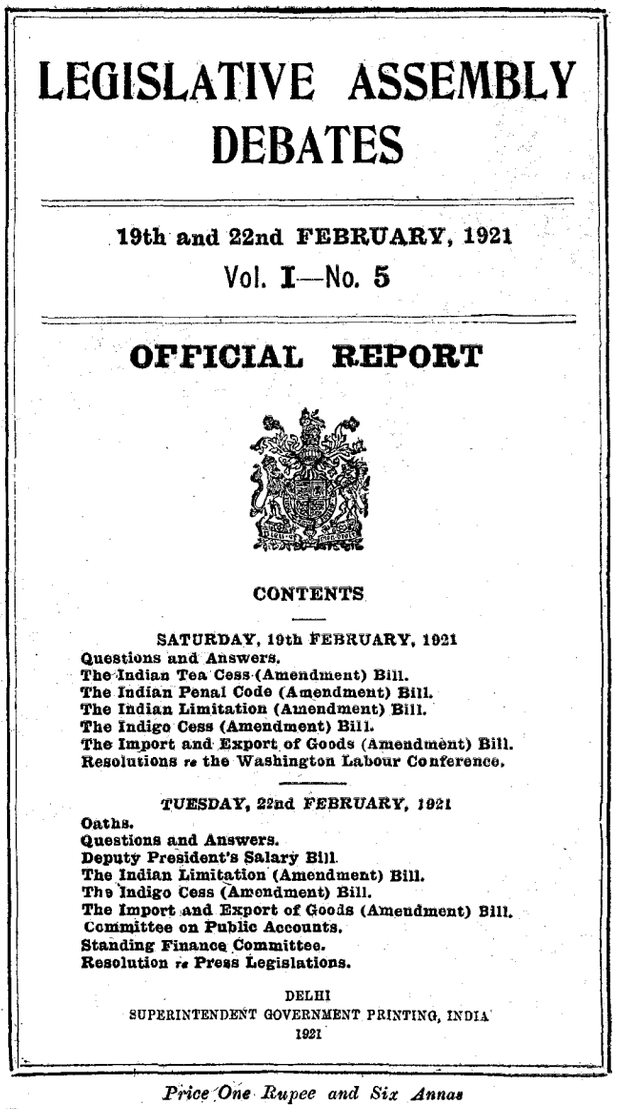

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AT LEAST IN THE FORM OF THEIR OFFICIAL REPORTS, THE PARLIAMENTS AT DELHI AND WESTMINSTER CLOSELY RESEMBLE THE WELL-KNOWN TWINS, TWEEDLEDEE AND TWEEDLEDUM

country will come, not by driving out the English nor by boycotting them, but by adopting the English method of parliamentary control. The Indian legislatures are to-day an acknowledged success. Originally a gift from the King-Emperor, they will be extended and developed by the impulse of the Indian peoples themselves. That development, in franchise, powers, and proportion of elected to nominated members, is assured at an early date. It will not be conferred from above, as in autocracies, but will be won from below, as all free peoples have won their liberties. In Madras the women have demanded and have secured the vote. At Delhi the Parliament has been the first in the world to adopt the labor recommendations of the Washington Conference held under the Presidency of Woodrow Wilson in the year 1919. To this Parliament the British House of Commons with those of the Dominions will present a mace. The proceedings of the Parliament at Delhi are recorded just as are the proceedings at Westminster. The Indian "Hansard" and the British "Hansard," or official reports, look uniform. And the Speaker at Delhi is Alexander F. Whyte, son of the famous Scottish divine, who was selected for the post because of his experience as a member of Parliament in London. Indian legislators constantly visit England to study the methods there pursued.

The fact is that the least progressive areas of India are in the main the Native States, where there is no direct British rule. Indeed, one of the complaints of the reformers is that if it were not for the support of the British suzerainty many of the Indian potentates would be ejected from their thrones. The amusing rumor that the Prince of Wales will seek to conciliate the peoples of India by marrying a princess of the house of Baroda hardly allows for the decline even in India of reverence for the hereditary principle. India has seen the proudest thrones toppling and the most stable thrones shaken. She knows that China is a series of republics and that in Russia there is the Soviet. A royal marriage is but a very shallow solution for India's difficulties. Education, the suffrage, the use of a common language (which, as the Indian National Congress has found, must be English), and the patient elaboration of medical and other healing and helpful sciences—these are the only and these will be the sufficient remedies for the present political agitation. A settlement in the Far East will secure for India the breathing space which she still needs before her unity and her freedom are established. With an enervating climate, India has hitherto absorbed and devitalized all her conquerors from the north. The British also would suffer this fate if they stayed in the country from generation to generation. But they send their Indian-born children back to the temperate zones, and so preserve the energies necessary to an effective ruler. It may be that the older families of Indian administrators have lost heavily in the war. Possibly it is harder than it was to find the right men to wield powers so great as those of the British Raj.

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But with northern Asia in chaos and eastern Asia only struggling painfully to its feet and western Asia drenched in the blood of a million Christian martyrs, there is something to be said for stabilizing southern Asia. Give India time and she will present the unique spectacle of an Oriental democracy, with federal states. a Dominion, already fitly symbolized by the dignified figure of Srinavasa Sastri sitting side by side with the most powerful statesmen in the world at the Washington Conference.

Unrest in India is serious. By no responsible person is that denied. With Japan claiming equality of race, Indians ask why they should not be allowed free access to all parts of the British Empire, including South Africa and Australia. And the answer to this lies not with England but with the Dominions concerned. It was South Africa, not England, that first alienated Gandhi. But there is a public opinion in India that realizes what a tragedy would be a sudden rupture in the still delicate fabric of her political unity. While the world has been preoccupied it has taken half a million men to keep order on the northwest frontier of India. Sever the British connection and inevitably the provinces there adjoining the Himalayas would return to their age-long insecurity. It is true that Tagore surrendered a knighthood as a protest against the Rowlatt Acts. It is also true that Tagore has expressed the view that he wished it had been the Prince of Wales instead of the Duke of Connaught who had opened the Parliament at Delhi. Indeed, he would like to see a son of the King substituted for the Viceroy, and urges that royal honors should be paid only to royal blood. In India there is thus a great fund of conservative sentiment. The peasants are slow to migrate even from famine-stricken areas. They cling to the soil and to old methods of cultivating it. The cities may be in ferment, but there are deeps of inertia still unstirred. The executive authority enjoys as great a strategic advantage in India as in Russia. Also, since the worst troubles, there has been in effect a change of Government. General Dyer, of Amritzar, has gone. Lord Chelmsford, who condoned his act and delayed the pardons promised by King George's amnesty, is not reappointed Governor-General. His successor, Lord Reading, so well known at Washington, gave up the Lord Chief Justiceship of England in order to serve India. He has received Gandhi. He has allowed Lajpat Rai to return home from the United States. He is paying compensation for Amritzar. After inquiry, he is repealing the Rowlatt Acts and other repressive measures, most of which, curiously, were never enforced at all! Lord Sinha is now the Governor of a province, and everywhere Indians are entering upon positions of responsibility. From them is expected the same standard of equity as judges and incorruptibility as administrators as has been maintained by universal admission in the Indian Civil Service. New schools and colleges are opened. And while Gandhi sees in all this only a sign of India's helplessness, there are few unprejudiced observers who would not prefer the dependence of India, so called, to the so-called independence of China. India is advancing towards autonomy, and this advance, though rapid, has not cost her either her unity at home or her defense against invasion from abroad.

FROM "INDIAN ART," BY E. B. HAVELL (JOHN MURRAY, LONDON)

"BUDDHA'S BOWL" (FROM A BAS-RELIEF ON THE STUPA AT AMARAVATI, INDIA)

QUITE SO![1]

BY MEADE MINNIGERODE

YOU can hem it in with noiseless typewriters and electric push-buttons and adding machines, and try to dam it up with transatlantic cables and sectional blue-prints and balance-sheets, but if it is in the blood it will come out.

"Bound to come out," as Captain Johnson, the pier master, was always saying. "Murder and a taste for strong liquor and a sailor's delight in a race!"

And it was in the blood of Matthew Parsons. Not murder, or even a taste for strong liquor, but a sailor's delight in a race. And well it might have been, for he was the son and the grandson and the great-grandson of Yankee sailors and ship-owners.

"Gamaliel Parsons, Master Mariner," as it said on the portrait up at home, who had served as a powder-monkey in the War of 1812, and later commanded the Hooglie on her famous trip of one hundred and eleven days from New York to China against the northeast monsoon.

"Matthew Parsons, of the Black Ball Line," Handsome Mat Parsons they had called him when the Astor House was an expensive uptown hotel, who in the early years of the California trade took his Golden Fleece from New York to San Francisco in ninety-eight days, having reefed topsails three times on the voyage. And when Handsome Mat took in his topgallant sails even, there was more than a skyful of wind!

And the old man himself, Matthew Crane Parsons, who founded the Hermes Line, and secretly wished that steam had not superseded sail!

Men who in their time had taken the American flag into every port in the world, and more particularly in the great days of Handsome Mat, when the packets crashed their way across to Liverpool and back through the North Atlantic gales, and the clippers raced each other, stitch for stitch and thread for thread, from Sandy Hook to the Golden Gate, around the cheerless Horn.

" . . . the Sea Gull and the Flying Fish have arrived in San Francisco. . . ."

Good news, indeed, and much freight money to be had as a result of it; sixty and seventy and eighty thousand dollars a voyage, but—

"Which got in *first?*"

That was the important question around the bar at the Astor House in those more spirited times!

It was the grandfather Mat, too, himself a Black Ball packet captain at twenty-seven, who was supposed to have made up the words to the verse of "Oh, Susanna!" which went around the world and started the gold rush in '48:

Oh, Susanna,
Don't you cry for me,
I'm off for California
With my wash-bowl on my knee! . . .

Mat, who took his Breeze from the West out to California in the spring of the following year, and found the girl he had lost months before in New York waiting for him on the beach! He brought her home to be his wife, and his ship—

" . . . with a mate and a cat and a handful of jailbirds," as he expressed it, after his crew had abandoned the ship in San Francisco Harbor.

"Sweet sailor's life!" the mate was reported to have said when they asked him about the trip home. "This here now Captain Parsons, he has no use for a crew or for a ship either. He'd bring a set of sails around the Horn single-

[1] This is the last of Mr. Minnigerode's "Tales of the Clipper Ships"—dealing with the seafaring Parsons family.

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handed—with me and the cat and the lady, God bless her, to stand by!"

Matthew Parsons was the son of these men, although outwardly he was simply one of the young men of the Hermes Line, with his shirt-sleeves rolled up and a knack for holding his telephone receiver clamped between his shoulder and his ear while he blue-penciled donkeymen's overtime reports with his free hand. As likely as not he would be having his shoes shined at the same time by the fat little office bootblack.

THE Hermes Line office was that kind of an office. You caught the air of it as soon as you stepped out of the elevators and found yourself standing on the rubber mats facing the big open floor, with the models of the "Hermboats" in their glass cases on the farther wall. It was an office where a large number of young men were quite obviously having the time of their life, discoursing from desk to desk in the glib vocabulary of technicalities and uttering strange words reminiscent of half-forgotten geographies into innumerable telephones.

"Say, Bill, how about a readiness date on that Dunbar Castle? . . ."

" . . . . for redelivery U. K., August 20 to 25. . . ."

"Ready north of Hatteras in ballast, one round trip Havana and, or, Matanzas. . . ."

" . . . hello, Hermes speaking—sure, one car-load of shooks K. D.—what's that, the Mathilda? You're full of fun. She's on her way through the Gut of Canso *now*—ready to load in a week. . . ."

"Yes, hello—for Belize? Next *month*, you mean! All right, claim away, old son! Look at your bill of lading—we're not operating a ferry service to Honduras, you know. . . ."

In between times these young men sat familiarly on the edges of the flat-topped desks belonging to their bosses and told them funny stories, while the sounds of booms and derricks and the short-tempered whistling of tugs floated in through the open windows from the piers below.

The same old slips of the South Street water-front, but a new breed of ships to fill them, and new flags and names. Gone the slender Sea Foams and Flying Mists and White Swans of Handsome Mat's day; vanished the billowing snowy canvas and the graceful gilded figureheads overhanging the busy street. Gone, too, the old familiar house flags—the crimson field and black ball, the blue and white half diamonds, the white swallow-tail and black S and B, the yellow, red, and yellow with the white Z, the red, white, and blue swallow-tail. . . .

And forever silenced the singing seamen of that day and the chanty men to "Strike a light" while the yards went up aloft:

Then up aloft that yard must go,
Whisky for my Johnny.
Oh, whisky is the life of man,
Whisky, Johnny.
I thought I heard the old man say,
Whisky for my Johnny.
We are bound away this very day,
Whisky, Johnny.
A dollar a day is a white man's pay,
Whisky for my Johnny.
Oh, whisky killed my sister Sue,
Whisky, Johnny.
And whisky killed the old man too,
Whisky for my Johnny.
Whisky's gone, what shall I do?
Whisky, Johnny.
Oh, whisky's gone, and I'll go too,
Whisky for my Johnny. . . .

Now it was klaxons and motor trucks, the whistling of the donkeyman and the rattling of gear and tackle. Squat-nosed, pot-bellied tramps, steel-masted, Samson-posted, coal-grimed, wire-hawsered floating department stores, Magdas and Cranmores and River Clydes. And painted funnels to match the new house flags—the blue and black with the white stripe, the two white circles, the green and white and black, the yellow and red with the white diamond. . . .

And the greatest change of all since the days of Handsome Mat, the ensigns at the stern. Not on the liners, perhaps, the home-built vessels, but on the tramps that came from all over the world to take the home-made merchandise to every distant roadstead—British, Swede, Norwegian, Dutch, Belgian, Danish, Spanish, Greek.

"Sweet sailor's life!" as Mat's mate would have said. "And us that toiled our hands to the bone and our eyes out of their sockets to put the Yankee flag in every port on all of God's blue seas!"

But so it was. New ships, new names, new ways; and, although he was the son of the Old Man of the Hermes Line, Matthew had "gone through the works" with the rest of them.

As a "boy" on the Desk—they had no office boys in the Hermes Line—filling ink-wells, sorting cables, distributing mail, carrying charter party books, running off the Daily Advice Sheet that showed the position of every Hermes house flag every noon. Learning the usages of documents, the intricacies of the closely knit division of labor among the operating departments, the office destination of every long, canvas, foreign-stamp-bearing envelope that came in, and its probable contents.

Down at the pier on Saturday noons with the pay-roll for the stevedores, and the gun under the counter. Up in the pier office, as likely as not on the Saturday night, reading off bills of lading for the Spanish manifest of a departing steamer, toiling over the "pans" where the extra copies were drawn off, with all hands sweating blood to "get her out in time," and then—

"Last sheet! All right—let her go, . . ." the papers aboard, and a well-earned cigarette, strictly against regulations, and very possibly a penny-matching contest with the rest of the gang.

And, because it was in the blood, Matthew took delight in these things and loved his ugly tramps and all their works, and knew the world-old joy of hastening merchandise on its way to distant, eagerly expectant wharves. Machinery for canals, provisions for far-removed outposts of progress, materials for new communities of men. These things he did because he was a Parsons. And then, because he was a "Hermes," the touch of pride with which he flung the name across the marble counter at the Custom-House.

And then in time they found a place for him "up ahead" and gave him a flat-topped desk and a telephone, to be assistant to the operating vice-president of the line, Mr. Corkran—or Corks, as Matthew called him in his less-guarded moments.

"So you're coming with me," Mr. Corkran said to him. "I used to know your grandfather. This is the best department in the line. Smart's the word, my boy!"

"Aye, aye, sir!" Matthew smiled back at him.

They got along famously together, for the old gentleman had a twinkle in his eye all the livelong day, except when he was having neuritis, and Matthew was not one to stand in awe of his boss.

"They're human beings, just like the rest of us," he would assure his contemporaries. "You want to kid your boss along and give him a good time! Of course, *always* take the blame yourself when they make a bull—that's Rule One, Section One, Paragraph One."

Matthew's policy for handling bosses, coupled possibly with his own highly dependable efficiency in all matters, worked like a charm—always excepting those times when Mr. Corkran was having neuritis. On such occasions Matthew would take one look at him as he stepped out of the elevator, and betake himself out of sight into the Chartering Department.

"Storm warnings for the Gulf and Atlantic States," he would tell them in there. "Two red flags with a black center—batten down hatches—Corks has got the pains to-day!"

So Matthew sat at an operating desk and studied the way of a ship in the sea; not as his grandfather had been wont to do, out on his quarter-deck under the straining canvas, but just as surely and instinctively at his desk, with cable reports and comparative charts and fuel-consumption tables. And where Mat had spent sleepless nights clipping off a day on the San Francisco run, so Matthew labored to gain an hour on a day in port.

It was in the blood. And in both cases it was never so much the question of dollars and cents as the pride of records set.

That was how Matthew came to originate his pet Speed-Fuel charts, per ship, per voyage, and all the rest of it. It was all rather complicated, and allowed for the state of the weather, the condition of the wind, and, possibly, the phases of the moon. There was also something tricky about Inside-Outside, which seemed to have to do with the Gulf Stream on the Cuba run. At all events—

" . . . diminishing speed up, increas-

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ing consumption down—the shorter the line, the better the trip," as he was always explaining to everybody.

Mr. Corkran thought very little of them when he saw them for the first time.

"What's all this diagramming cluttering up my desk?" he growled.

"Strikes the eye," Matthew explained, complacently. "Tell at a glance—visualize performance. . . ."

"Visualize your grandmother!" Corks continued to growl. "Go away, leave me alone, I'm busy. . . ."

Matthew gathered up his charts, deftly rescued a document from the bottom of the pile on Mr. Corkran's desk and dropped it negligently on top, and whistled his way out of the office. He also assiduously continued to "visualize his grandmother."

Three days later Mr. Corkran came rolling out of the Old Man's front office, "like a ferry-boat in a swell," as Matthew expressed it, and roared down the length of the floor for his assistant.

"Matthew!" he boomed. "Where's that box of Speed-Fuel charts we've been keeping lately—want to show your father something. . . ."

"Did you get that?" Matthew appealed to the office at large after the boss had gone back into the "chart room" with the box under his arm. "Those Speed-Fuel charts *we've* been keeping lately! If you start something worth while, *always* give your boss the credit. Rule One, Section One, Paragraph Two."

It was after this episode that the older department heads began calling Mr. Corkran "Matthew Parsons's boss!"

The Hermes Line was building ships at that time, fine upstanding cargo carriers of the most modern type: the Hermosa, the Hermione, the Herminia, the Hermatthew, the Hermala—a whole new fleet of "Hermboats," and it seemed as though the Old Man had suddenly determined to put the Hermes funnel on a whole baker's dozen of American ships, in spite of his secret predeliction for sail *versus* steam!

In shipping circles they referred to them as "valuable accessions to the renascent American Merchant Marine," and Matthew thrilled at the thought of a Parsons once more in the van of such matters, and took them all to his heart. Incidentally, one by one, they proved "valuable accessions" to his box of Speed-Fuel charts!

And then one day in March the Hermosa sailed from New York on her maiden voyage for north Cuban ports, to load a full cargo at Cardenas for New York, and the Hermala sailed from Baltimore on *her* maiden voyage for Havana and north Cuban ports, to load a full cargo at Matanzas for New York. And after a sure, swift appraisal of dates and loading estimates it became quite clear to Matthew that they would both sail from their respective neighborly ports homeward bound on the same day.

"From a statistical standpoint purely, the situation is not without a certain interest," thought Matthew.

They were the crack ships of the line, commanded by the two senior captains in the service, on their maiden voyages from practically the same port to the same pier in the East River. Moreover, they were sister ships, carrying the same cargo to a bag, with twin engines guaranteed to turn out identical speeds.

Quite so.

Matthew drew out his Daily Advice Sheet and gazed at the Hermosa, Hermala advices. The Hermosa was on a regular advertised round trip from New York, and as such was being operated by Mr. Corkran's department, as all "Hermboats" should be. The Hermala, on the other hand, was making an unfinished voyage out of Baltimore, ending in New York, and consequently rated as a "casual," "Hermboat" though she was, and was operated by Mr. Fletcher's department.

Once again, quite so.

Matthew said nothing at all for several days, and put on an expression of complete innocence when replying to the constantly increasing queries from all over the office regarding the dates of readiness to sail of the Hermosa and the Hermala. It seemed that even the South American Department found the information necessary for the proper furtherance of their nebulous negotiations.

"Say, Matthew, couldn't we slide the Hermosa into our April Rio sailing? Leaving Cuba about the same time as the Hermala, is she? . . ."

As for the bookkeepers, of course their ways are invariably strange and their thirst for knowledge uncontrolled!

Handsome Mat Parsons driving his Golden Fleece around the Horn with all sails set—jibs, studdingsails, topgallant sails, royals, skysails, ringtails—and a group of men at the Astor House eagerly awaiting the outcome. The Commodore and Vice-Commodore of the Hermes fleet sailing homeward bound on the same day for the same port, on the last leg of a maiden voyage, and a whole officeful of shirt-sleeved young men, surrounded by telephones and electric push-buttons, feverishly figuring with pencils on the margin of Daily Advice Sheets. . . .

You can hem it in and dam it up; but if it is in the blood it is bound to come out!

A couple of weeks later the cable advices began to come in from the Havana agency, and Matthew managed to preserve a proper blankness of expression on discovering that the "boys" on the Desk had so far bestirred themselves as to translate the code messages before delivering them.

"Hermosa Aniseed Hermala Antitoxin —Expect Hermosa ready to sail March 25 Hermala March 27."

Three hours later, while looking over the outgoing cable flimsies, Matthew smiled to himself on finding a cable from Mr. Fletcher's department:

"Hermvana Hermala Venerable—Hermes Line Havana Hermala why the delay loading."

And later on the somewhat irrelevant reply from Havana:

"Hermyork Hermala Sufficient Hermosa Fear Voltage Delicious—Hermes Line New York Hermala we are doing all possible Hermosa fear she will be delayed by car shortage."

"Doing all possible to prevent the Hermala from finishing and sailing ahead of the Hermosa, without absolutely spilling the beans," Matthew said to himself.

"I bet the Hermosa and the Hermala are wirelessing back and forth to each other every five minutes," he told his stenographer. "Of course I'm not handling the Hermala, but first thing you know some one will get caught with his cargo ports open! Looks like willful delay resulting in prejudice to owners with collusion of master—and I guess that's pretty near barratry!"

At all events, they got caught, for two days later the estimates stood Hermosa March 26, Hermala March 27. The threatened car shortage had materialized, but not effectively enough to bring the Hermosa up to the Hermala. She was still a whole day ahead on her loading, and the query came floating up from Havana:

"Hermala Subterfuge Hermosa Saxifrage—Hermala we are working her nights Hermosa shall we work nights."

"You certainly have your nerve," Matthew exclaimed, and spent an earnest half-hour with a pencil and a pad figuring out schedules and overtime charges.

"Business before pleasure, but she gets two days' despatch, anyway, if she only finishes on the 27th, and we save the overtime!" he murmured at the close of his investigation, and reached for the interoffice telephone.

"Hey, you!" he observed, addressing Mr. Fletcher's chief assistant, "are you working the Hermala nights?"

"You bet your rudder post I am!" came the answer. "I want her out by the 26th or 7th, depending on—well, depending. . . ."

"I get you, Steve," said Matthew.

"Attaboy!" quoth Mr. Fletcher's assistant.

And three hours later it was his turn to smile when the flimsies revealed the following message from Mr. Corkran's department:

"Hermosa Saxophone—do not work her nights."

"That's what you might call cooperation between departments," he observed. but Matthew's stenographer only laughed.

"Looks like willful delay," she remarked. "Resulting in prejudice to steamer, with collusion of owners, whatever that's near being."

Quite so.

They sailed together on the dot, Hermosa Hermala Bedizened, 6 A.M. March 27, and Matthew exhibited him-

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self in the general vicinity of Mr. Fletcher's department.

"What you been doing with the Hermala?" he inquired. "I guess I know why you were working her nights. Trying to race her up against my Hermosa!"

"Oh, perish the thought!" they assured him. "What do you mean, race? You do us wrong. We have only the interests of the line at heart; and besides, the Hermosa's a flat-bottomed barge."

"Being sister ship to the scow Hermala, there may be something in what you say," Matthew retorted.

"Lay off that scow stuff," they warned him. "The Hermala can tow the Hermosa up faster than she can come alone."

"As a matter of fact," Matthew insisted, "on her next voyage out the Hermosa will probably pass the Hermala crawling in on this one."

"Sounds as though he were offering odds," Mr. Fletcher's department remarked.

"Is *that* the best the Hermala can do?" said Matthew. "Take odds from her own sister ship—oh well, of course. . . ."

"All right, then, even money," they told him. "How much you got?"

"All you can cover," Matthew replied. "Come on, loosen up, there's enough in the Freight Department alone to take care of what you've got there on the desk. . . ."

"Oh, we'll give you all you want," they promised. "And the South Americans are with *us*, and you never heard of any one in that department losing money, did you?"

"Well, they can kiss it good-by this time," Matthew advised them. "First ship in at Quarantine takes the money—all operating instructions valid without prejudice to bet; all bets off in the event of perils of the deep, hand of God, acts of King's enemies, and all the rest of it; points of departure considered the same for the purpose of this charter party, same applies to quality of bunkers. Do you say Yes to these clauses?"

"We say Yes, and affix our initials. . . ."

THE buzzer on Matthew's desk rang violently at this point, bzzt-bzzt, and he transplanted himself into Mr. Corkran's office.

"Yes, sir. . . ."

"Matthew," said the boss. "I want to study the performances of the Hermosa and the Hermala very closely for a while. Get in touch with them by wireless and instruct them to send in their positions and the weather conditions every noon during the run."

"Yes, sir. . . ."

"You might explain to Mr. Fletcher that this comes under Liner Statistics, and is in no way intended as a usurpation of his operating rights in the Hermala."

Matthew returned to his desk and winked at his stenographer.

"Guess Corks has got a bet up too," he remarked.

"On the Hermosa?"

"Well, I should hope so! At all events, we're being awfully Royal Navy with Mr. Fletcher's department all of a sudden."

WELL, the first day the two ships were about even, and the "boys" on the Desk spent most of the afternoon fixing up a chart with little cardboard boats, which they displayed discreetly from desk to desk in the four-o'clock mail distribution. The next noon the Hermosa had surged ahead and was going great guns before a following sea, judging from her twenty-four-hour mileage.

"Bah!" said Mr. Fletcher's department. "What's the idea? She'll shake all her rivets out and fall apart at that speed before to-morrow. Steady and sure, that's us!"

"Steady and sure, like a stationary pump," Matthew retorted. "It's a poor ship that can't squeeze out an extra knot or two."

But the next day, sure enough, the third report showed the Hermala in the lead, with a splendid hourly average, and the Hermosa toiling along behind. The wind had veered around, but weather conditions remained ideal, and identical for both ships, in any case.

Bzzt-bzzt, went Mr. Corkran's buzzer.

"Send a memorandum to the engine-room when the Hermosa gets in," he said, sourly. "And ask them to explain the disparity in performance in the last two days' runs."

"Yes, sir," replied Matthew, as though he were not already tearing his hair trying to account for it himself.

"Well, what's the matter with the Hermosa?" Mr. Fletcher's department grinned. "We'll call off the race if she's disabled—pity to take the money. Maybe she's overloaded—that makes them sort of wallow sometimes. . . ."

"The Hermosa can *float* faster than the Hermala can steam," Matthew informed them. "She's just holding back—saving coal."

"Sure," they laughed at him. "The shorter the line, the better the trip—diminishing speed up, increasing consumption down; that's the Hermosa, up and down—in the same place. . . ."

But Matthew was not listening to them. Coal, coal. . . . He had had a sudden idea. He looked up the bunkering instructions on the two vessels, and then pondered for a while over the weather and wind reports. Particularly the wind reports. Then he lost himself for an hour or so in the mazes of his Speed-Fuel charts.

The next morning the Hermosa had closed in a little, and it was obvious that it would be bow and bow for Quarantine some time late that afternoon.

Matthew called up the Weather Bureau and the coal company's testing department, and sent out a wireless to the Hermosa.

"Suggest best results your coal obtained thin fires shorter firing intervals."

"Hey! What's all this secret stuff you're sending out to the Hermosa?" Mr. Fletcher's department expostulated.

"All operating instructions valid without prejudice to bet," Matthew reminded them. "You're at liberty to send any instructions you please to the Hermala—if there are any you *could* send to help the old derelict along."

"Yah, she's won hands down already!" they insisted. "We'll send you a copy of her log so you can see how it's done, . . ." and Matthew said nothing at all.

BUT the Hermosa came in first, just the same—three hours and twelve minutes ahead of the Hermala at Quarantine—and Matthew went around with a file basket the next morning and collected his bets.

"Send around your log," he told Mr. Fletcher's department. "And I'll pick out the bad spots for you."

"Your father lost quite a bit on the Hermala," Mr. Corkran chuckled at him later.

"Fair enough!" said Matthew. "Who'd he lose it to?"

"Me," replied Mr. Corkran. "He and Mr. Fletcher went in up to their ears against the Hermosa."

"You don't say so!" Matthew observed, airily. "Kind of demoralizing, isn't it, having the Old Man betting that way? First thing you know the whole office will be doing it!"

"Well, of all the nerve!" exclaimed Mr. Corkran. "By the way, young man, you may write me a memorandum explaining why you ordered them to knock off night work on the Hermosa. Guess that will hold you."

"Yes, sir. . . ."

"And, say, where did you get that dope you sent out to the Hermosa this morning?"

"From those Speed-Fuel charts we've been keeping lately," Matthew informed him.

"Oh, indeed," said Corks, without batting an eyelid. "I thought you'd find them useful. Helps visualize performance. . . ."

"Yes, doesn't it?" grinned Matthew, and winked openly at his father, who was standing in the doorway.

"Oh, and one thing more," Mr. Corkran added, assuming an enormously magisterial air. "Write a memorandum to the captains and chief engineers of the Hermosa and the Hermala. . . ."

"Yes, sir. . . ."

"Tell them we note a tendency on their part during this last voyage to race their ships home. We consider the excessive speed maintained injurious to hulls and machinery, and the practice is to be discontinued between ships of the line. Copy to Mr. Fletcher."

"Quite so," observed Mr. Parsons, Senior, and retired into his office.

"And make out a double gratuity slip for the officers and crew of the Hermosa," Mr. Corkran concluded. "Well, what are you grinning at? . . ."

"Yes, indeed, quite so."

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THE BOOK TABLE

WE WANT ACTION!

BY MARIA MORAVSKY

"They dynamite her in a submarine."
—*From a Popular Song.*

ALMOST everybody who writes knows the story about a famous, recently retired editor, who always preached to "his" writers:

"Action! Give me more action! Begin your story and end it with action!"

One of his ardent followers, impressed by the first personal interview with the editorial celebrity, brought to his office a masterpiece which began:

"'Hell!' said the captain, jumping from the eleventh floor of a sky-scraper."

It may seem to non-professionals that this beginning is saturated with action. I also thought so. But a more sophisticated friend of mine pointed out to me that the sentence might be improved. The captain might have carried a hand grenade in each hand and thrown them at his enemies while jumping from the sky-scraper. Then why not put a big knife into his mouth? He could use it after he freed his hands.

She suggested several more "moves" which my timid brain refuses to remember. I am sure she will some day write a best seller.

I myself visited the inner shrine of the fatherly editor and he benevolently explained:

"You Russians put too much of this damned art on the market! We don't care for beautiful descriptions. Action is what the public wants."

I took his words to heart; not that they could influence me—I don't feel guilty of having "too much art" in my stories. I am never satisfied with the amount of art I try to put there, and would like to put much more. As to action, I think American short stories are overstuffed with it. But then these are my personal ideas, which the editor calls stubborn.

But I began to meditate about his weighty words, applying them to the American daily literature. I am not going to criticise this opinion from the literary view-point. Too many critics have already said that the American short stories are overloaded with action, and this harms their literary value. It is not the bad literary taste of the American reading public which alarms me. The liking for overactive stories reveals a more dangerous National trait: behind this universal craving for the vigorous "red-blooded" stories I see the helpless inactivity of the Nation.

Historians tell us that great military leaders read in their spare time (if they read at all) the most quiet, idyllic stories. They had too much fighting in real life. The psychology of modern warriors is the same; in recent wars the soldiers on the front would start a fight with any fool who would dare to offer them a war story to read for recreation.

On the contrary, peaceful people, who have never seen trenches save in the "movies," often delight in the most bloody descriptions of battles.

Likewise, the people who suffer from lack of exercise usually read "breezy outdoor stuff." The fat business man whose life is equally divided between his downtown office and his suburban home devours greedily the tales of adventure in far-away countries. The thing which interests him next in a book is the idealistic love story. O. Henry made a profound remark—that women never read love stories; he opines that it is tired business men and little girls who read them.

It is quite natural. Really great love is as impossible for a typical financier as for a youngster of eleven. His heart abilities are usually underdeveloped.

Modest housewives of moderate means like to read about extravagant princesses. The well-bred women from high society secretly enjoy the stories of the underworld. Oppressed people, like Russians under the Czar, delight in reading any forbidden book on freedom.

Viewing all these facts, we come to the conclusion that the reading public likes to read *en masse* about things it does not possess. Judging by the ferociously active heroes of the American best sellers, Americans are inactive to the last degree.

This statement may seem untrue at first sight. I myself was appalled when I uttered it. You look so full of vim and vigor when observed at a distance. (I mean, psychological distance.)

But at close range one can easily see that your energy is being spent on *work*, not on free creative action. And it is always this kind of action that the Nation craves.

Nobody would be interested in a story about an able and energetic salesman who was working strenuously in a department store and after ten years of honest efforts continued to work in the same store, with certain small raises given to him at every Christmas. But make him jump to be the director of the firm, and—this is what the public wants to read about.

And yet this is the usual fate of an average salesman: gradually his salary grows and little promotions come, gradually his family increases and his hair falls out. Oh, the dullness of it! No, he is tired of this dreary real life. He wants action! And in order to console this poor grown-up American child the servile writer holds up to him a mirror of success. He buys a five-cent weekly and happily sees himself at the head of the firm.

In fiction we like to see our inner dreams realized. What are the best dreams of an average American? A million dollars and a fine girl. So I gather from his favorite fiction books. When he says "success," he means money. When he says "beauty," he means a woman.

In a recent issue of the "Editor," the magazine for writers, a world-wise contributor analyzes the titles of the most successful plays, scenarios, and books. He proves that the great majority of best sellers had a title suggesting two things: money and love. The titles suggesting money occupy the first place in his list.

Shall we deduce from it that a million dollars is a little more difficult to get than a fine girl? Or that the average man prefers money to love?

Why is his imagination so crumpled? Why does his desire run most readily along these two channels, money and love? Is there nothing better on earth than to acquire wealth, a suburban home, and a family.

Rich business man reading with absorbing interest an adventure story about a penniless sailor somewhere in the tropics. He, the arrived one, understands the dreadful futility of his attained ideal. But it is too late for him to run to the South Seas.

But I am not going to preach to the reading masses about the grayness of their ideals. This was intended to be a literary article.

American writers and American editors are responsible for the extinction of loftier ideals from the pages of our magazines. I scarcely believed my ears when I heard one of them, a well-known editor, declare:

"We sit here to make money, not to promote art."

I don't think that any one can persuade an average American writer to overlook this editorial statement and to write unpopular stories till he starves. On the other hand, I know that he often suffers, sinning against his artistic conscience.

Let us take for granted that the reading public wants action. But there are two kinds of it: the action of primitive movements, such as killing, fighting, dancing, running away, jumping from sky-scrapers, etc.; and psychological action—taking a decision, changing one's aspect of life, conquering one's desires. How powerfully this second higher kind of activity can hold our attention one may see from the first act of Ibsen's "Ghosts." Two people are conversing for about twenty minutes, revealing their past sorrows and suppressed desires, and the audience listens breathlessly.

Of course it is much simpler to make your hero jump to his death while pursuing the vision of millions than to depict realistically his change of heart. Especially in the "movies." This is the reason that we see so much of men-

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hunting and men-racing in the picture palaces. But, in spite of all his violent exercises, the jumping-jack hero remains quite unchanged mentally. No wonder—he has no time to pause and think.

Naturally, the public follow the physical movements much more easily than the psychological ones. The crude action of killing appeals to the audience strongly. Another literary friend of mine, a contributor to a dozen popular magazines, earnestly confided in me:

"The public loves murders. You can always put a villain to death, provided you paint him black enough. It seems to please even the tender-hearted schoolgirls. I get letters of appreciation from them—I know. And don't you tell me that I must not split the head of that prize-fighter from 'my latest'—I know better."

He ought to know better! To go along the line of least resistance! To become a murderer for the sake of the publisher's check!

I must not judge him too harshly. The public constantly howls:

"We want action!"

So it goes. The writers treat their poor heroes as if they were trained dogs—make them jump incessantly, grit their teeth, run away, or pursue their enemies. The poor victims of the writer's temperament have hardly a moment to spare for thinking. Why not give them some psychological action?

One does not need to sell one's soul to the devil in order to make a living. One is not compelled to devote one's pen to the animal-like kind of action only. There is a deep lack of psychological action in the life of the average reader, which he would gladly replace by good reading.

To have the courage of his convictions. To change one's dreary conception of existing for a loftier ideal of living. These themes would by and by win the heart of the reader, and teach him to think.

We Slavs have overdone this kind of writing. In the first chapter of a Russian psychological novel a man sits at the table, his head in his hands. In the twenty-seventh chapter he is still found in the same position, thinking about his past wrong decisions. But sometimes his "sitting" is more stirring than the breathless human races in your "movies."

I wouldn't like the American hero to abandon altogether his "physical culture exercises," but he certainly needs to sit down for a while and think. The doctors say that one can get brain paralysis from over-exercising.

Free activity is as scarce among the masses as free physical activity. This is the reason that the readers like plotters as well as murderers. But before explaining my last statement I feel obliged to whitewash the poor reader for liking criminals.

You see, if you are a criminal you are free to a great extent. You defy the law. You do what you think is right. You take money from the rich and give it to the poor. You kidnap and marry a princess. You avenge fearlessly a sweet, honest, wronged girl. You can hardly do all these things being a law-abiding citizen.

In present society the free-willed activity is so limited—you have to obey your bosses; to get up at certain hours; to marry according to your "supporting ability." The only person who disregards all these barriers is a romantic bandit. He is loved (in books) not for his deeds, but for the freedom and fearlessness of his behavior.

He can talk politics and is not afraid of the "freedom of the press;" he may love Germans and his fiancée's father would not refuse him his hospitality, for it would be of no use—he would kidnap the girl. He can live as he wants to—such a paradise of a life!

Of course we expect him to be hanged sooner or later, so he will expiate all his sins of freedom, and our conscience is clean, reading of them. Our subconscious craving for free will is safely satisfied. If there were a more broad field of personal activity, if an average citizen was more influential in politics, if he were not in mortal fear of his alarm clock, public opinion, and poverty, he would cease admiring a romantic bandit in fiction.

As I said before, he also likes plotters. It is because plotting is the first degree of creative thinking. But plotters in short stories create destruction. Show the reader how to think creatively without destroying society. Show him the great reformers who succeed by having their theories accepted.

To depict, for instance, a leader of a co-operative movement winning against profiteers; this would be more wholesome than to glorify a leader of a firm gaining a million. Let the hero win a million human minds instead of a million dollars.

There are hundreds and hundreds of themes with possibility of deep psychological action. The hero of the daily fiction, with his overgrown muscles and underdeveloped brain, with his bundles of hurriedly won money and the millionaire's daughter in his arms—let him enjoy his happiness in peace; don't stir him to gaining more millions. The poor fellow deserves his rest.

Writers are wrong in thinking that they would not get along without him. Let us flatter ourselves that we are at least as important as shoemakers. People cannot live without magazines. So, if we seriously decided to change the style of the literary shoes, people would wear them. If for a year or so the writers of fiction could stick to their own literary taste, if they forgot about the existence of checks, editors, and publishers, took to "low-brow" work to keep themselves alive, and wrote persistently only what they think is right and artistic, they would gain literary freedom for themselves and better civilization for their country.

BOOKS RECEIVED

FICTION

BABETTE BOMBERLING'S BRIDEGROOMS. By Alice Berend. Translated by Margaret Nohowel. Boni & Liveright, New York. $2.

BLOOD OF THE CONQUERORS (THE). By Harvey Fergusson. Alfred A. Knopf, New York. $2.50.

CHANCE ENCOUNTERS. By Maxwell Struthers Burt. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. $1.75.

CHILD OF THE ALPS (A). By Margaret Symonds. The Frederick A. Stokes Company, New York. $1.90.

CORNER HOUSE GIRLS AMONG THE GYPSIES. By Grace Brooks Hill. Illustrated. Barse & Hopkins, New York. $1.

DRAGON'S SECRET (THE). By Augusta Huiell Seaman. Illustrated. The Century Company, New York. $1.75.

BOOKS FOR YOUNG FOLKS

DRIFTWOOD. By Raymond S. Spears. Illustrated. The Century Company, New York. $2.

LITTLE FRIENDS IN FEATHERS. By Inez N. McFee. Illustrated. Barse & Hopkins, New York. $2.50.

PEGGY WARE. By Hon. M. W. Howard. The J. F. Rowny Press, Los Angeles. $2.50.

QUEER LITTLE MAN (THE). By Marion Ames Taggart. (The Jack-in-the-Box Books.) Illustrated. The George H. Doran Company, New York. $1.50.

MUSIC, PAINTING, AND OTHER ARTS

ENJOYMENT OF MUSIC (THE). By Arthur W. Pollitt. Introduction by E. T. Campagnac. The George H. Doran Company, New York. $1.75.

BIOGRAPHY

BOOK OF JACK LONDON (THE). By Charmian London. 2 vols. Illustrated. The Century Company, New York. $10.

VICTOR HUGO. By Madame Duclaux. Illustrated. Henry Holt & Co., New York. $3.

POETRY

POEMS OF THE ENGLISH RACE. Selected and Edited by Raymond Macdonald Alden. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. $2.75.

RUBAIYAT OF OMAR KHAYYAM. Rendered into English Verse by Edward FitzGerald. *Complete Edition Showing Variants in the Five Original Printings.* Illustrated. The Thomas Y. Crowell Company, New York. $2.50.

SEA POEMS. By Cale Young Rice. The Century Company, New York. $1.50.

SECOND APRIL. By Edna St. Vincent Millay. Mitchell Kennerley, New York. $2.

SELECTED POEMS. By William Butler Yeats. The Macmillan Company, New York. $2.50.

WANDERER (THE). By Henry Lane Eno. Duffield & Co., New York. $1.25.

WAR BOOKS

TRAGEDY OF LORD KITCHENER (THE). By Reginald Viscount Esher. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. $3.

MISCELLANEOUS

BOY SCOUTS YEAR BOOK (THE). By Franklin K. Mathiews. Illustrated. D. Appleton & Co., New York. $2.50.

HOW MUCH SHALL I GIVE? By Lilian Brandt. The Frontier Press, New York.

LIBRARY OF CONGRESS—A LIST OF AMERICAN DOCTORAL DISSERTATIONS PRINTED IN 1919. Prepared by Mary Wilson MacNair. The Government Printing Office, Library Branch, Washington, D. C. 35c.

MAKING GOOD IN BUSINESS. By Roger W. Babson. The Fleming H. Revell Company, New York. $1.25.

MERCHANT VESSELS. By Robert Riegel. Illustrated. D. Appleton & Co., New York. $4.

SOCIOLOGY AND ETHICS. The Facts of Social Life as the Source of Solutions for the Theoretical and Practical Problems of Ethics. By Edward Cary Hayes, Ph.D., LL.D. D. Appleton & Co., New York. $3.

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CONTRIBUTORS' GALLERY

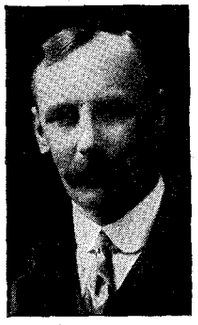
MARIA MORAVSKY says, "My greatest passion is to travel." This picture of her in Japanese costume is evidence to this fact. It was taken in Japan while she was on her way to America from Russia. Miss Moravsky is a Pole, but was educated in Russia. Because of her struggles against Czarism she suffered wounds and imprisonment. Although she is well known as a writer of Russian poetry, she has now adopted English as her literary language.

HENRY JOSEPH HASKELL was born in Huntington, Ohio, in 1874, and received his B.A. and Litt.D. degrees from Oberlin College. Mr. Haskell has been on the staff of the Kansas City (Missouri) "Star" for twenty-three years and has been associate editor since 1911.

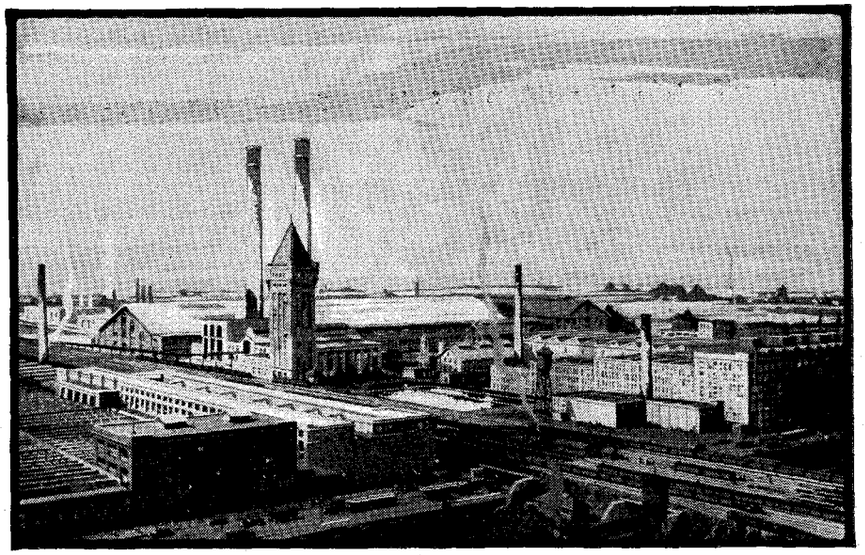
HERMANN HAGEDORN tells of the inspiration behind the creation of the MacDowell Colony, one of the few successful attempts in America to found a colony home for artists.

NEWTON FUESSLE is a graduate of the University of Chicago and a member of The Outlook staff. He is the author of "The Flail," "Gold Shod," etc.

ELWOOD S. BROWN'S article is a sequel to Miss Mayo's contribution entitled "Fair Play for the World," printed in last week's issue of The Outlook. Mr. Brown is Secretary for Physical Education, Foreign Division of the International Committee of the Y. M. C. A. He has traveled extensively in China, Japan, Siam, and Malaya, where he organized the Far Eastern Athletic Association, which conducts the Far Eastern games. During the war Mr. Brown asked for war service and went to France as an Athletic Director of the Department of Athletics, of which he later became the Executive Director.



P. W. WILSON is a frequent contributor to The Outlook. He is a graduate of Cambridge University and was a member of the Liberal side of the House of Commons from 1902 to 1910, and for seven years occupied a seat in the Press Gallery in the House. Mr. Wilson has been writing a series of articles on the Conference for the New York "Tribune." He is the author of "The Christ We Forget," "The Church We Forget," "The Unmaking of Europe" and other books.



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Why Not Enter?

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FINANCIAL DEPARTMENT

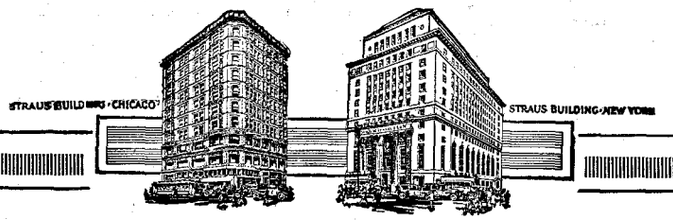
The Financial Department is prepared to furnish information regarding standard investment securities, but cannot undertake to *advise* the purchase of any specific security. It will give to inquirers facts of record or information resulting from expert investigation, and a nominal charge of one dollar per inquiry will be made for this special service. All letters of inquiry should be addressed to THE OUTLOOK FINANCIAL DEPARTMENT, 381 Fourth Avenue, New York.

FOREIGN MONEYS

THE German mark at par is worth 23.8 cents. As this is being written German marks are quoted at .60½ cents apiece, or at the rate of about 61 cents per hundred marks. Normally 61 cents would buy about two marks and a half. A year ago to-day marks were selling at $1.36 a hundred. Many people thought them cheap at that price and bought them in large quantities, expecting to make a handsome profit and an easy one. The same thing happened when marks were selling at three cents apiece, at four, five, and six cents—all the way down the line. In fact, so many people in this country have bought marks that it is estimated that Germany is $100,000,000 richer as a result of their folly. We of course are poorer by the same amount.

Americans are still buying marks. If they want to help Germany pay her reparations claims, there is no better way of doing so, but if they expect to make money for themselves out of the transaction it would be well for them to go slowly and pay close attention to what they are doing.

Germany's foreign trade now amounts to about twenty-five per cent of what it was before the war. She is exporting more than she is importing, but the excess is by no means sufficient to cover her reparations payments. Consequently she



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has been obliged to buy foreign exchange and also to ship gold out of the country, and both of these things cannot help but depreciate the value of her currency. With the mark declining in value, Germany has issued more marks, and the result of this policy seems to depreciate its value still more. In 1914 Germany had about 2,000,000,000 marks outstanding; the amount outstanding at the present time is in the neighborhood of 95,000,000,000 marks. In other words, the amount of marks outstanding has increased about forty-seven and a half times in seven years; the value of the mark has in the same period fallen to about one-fortieth of what it was.

It is well for people who are thinking about buying marks to bear these facts in mind. Let them ask themselves how Germany is going to redeem those 95,000,000,000 marks she has issued. Currency is really nothing more than a promise to pay on the part of a government. If the government has nothing to secure this promise, what good is its currency? If a country issues ninety-five billion marks with no more—or less—security for them than it had for two billion, the ninety-five billion marks actually are worth no more than the original lesser amount.

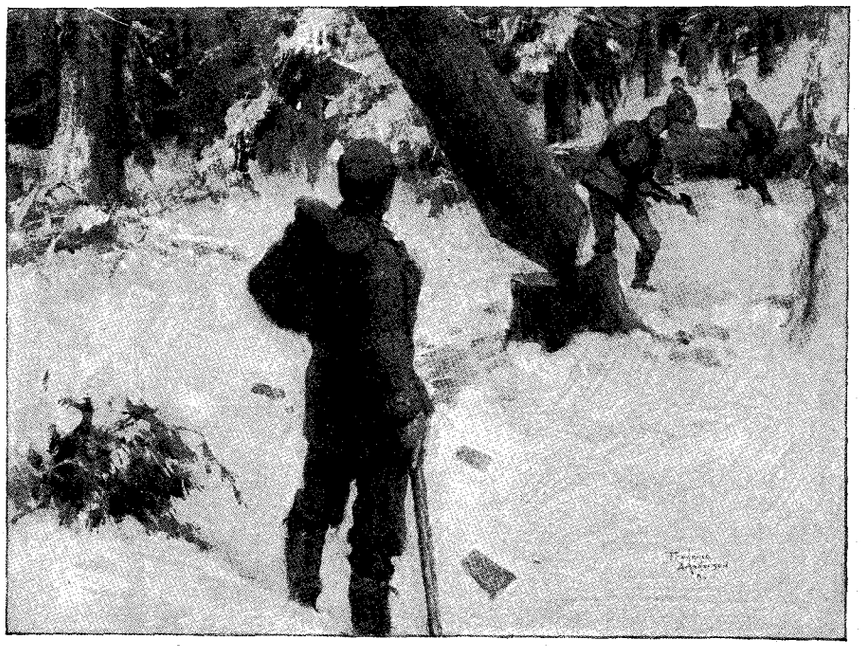
And what is true of German currency is true in greater or less degree of the currencies of other European countries. In Russia the ruble, formerly worth about 51 cents, has now so little value that ten, twenty, fifty, and even hundred thousand ruble notes are the smallest denominations in use. A 1,000-ruble note, normally worth over $500, is now of so little value that it will buy nothing. It is only because people are accustomed to using money as media of exchange that makes them employ this currency at all, for it is extremely doubtful whether it has or ever will have any value whatsoever.

The Polish mark formerly was worth 23.8 cents. It is now worth .035 of a cent, and if any one is silly enough to consider the purchase of the Polish bonds now being offered by a so-called investment house at $19.50 a 10,000-mark bond he should pause a moment and reflect that he can buy 10,000 Polish marks for $3.50 at their present market value.

Inflation and consequent depreciation are going on all over Europe, and to show the effects on the currency we print herewith a table giving the figures for some of the countries involved:

	Par, Cents.		Present Value, Cents.
France	19.3	a franc	8.23
Belgium	19.3	a franc	7.98
Switzerland	19.3	a franc	19.37
Italy	19.3	a lira	4.67
Holland	40.2	a florin	36.35
Austria	20.3	a crown	.04¾
Norway	26.8	a crown	15.10
Denmark	26.8	a crown	19.20
Sweden	26.8	a crown	24.80
Spain	19.3	a peseta	15.30
Portugal	108.05	an escudo	8.50
Greece	19.3	a drachma	4.20
Rumania	19.3	a leu	.89

It requires no particular knowledge or study to see that a pretty serious situation exists. It is not impossible that the



When your hands are idle —*plant a tree*

SO counselled a wise old Scot who had witnessed many saplings reach the fullness of mature beauty. Living, a tree adds to the richness of life. Fallen, it is privileged to enter into the building of a home, a fine book, an admirably designed table, or serve as an humble carrier of goods.

"Only God can make a tree"—but any man may plant one. More power to the reforestation movement, which will make available an increasing supply of wood, sorely needed for this and succeeding generations.

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Many great shipments of lumber from the forests of Maine and Canada, as well as mahogany, teak, ebony and other imported hard woods, are financed through this bank. Where great distances separate the shipper from the receiver, Shawmut's world wide representation insures that all financial transactions will be under our constant supervision to insure accuracy and speedy transmission.

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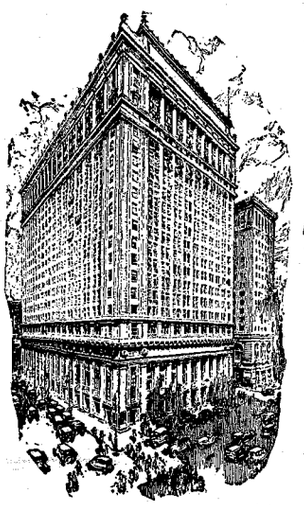

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time may come when the currencies of some of these countries may be depreciated to such an extent that they can no longer be used as media of exchange. Certainly it does not seem possible that countries like Russia and Germany will ever be able to redeem their outstanding notes. And if they cannot do this what is the money worth?

Along with the inflation and depreciation of European currencies goes an increasing feeling of anxiety and distrust on the part of the people. Can a man be expected to sell goods and agree to take a certain number of rubles in payment ninety days from date when he has been watching rubles decline steadily in value for several years and has every reason to expect a further drop during the ninety days before his payment is due? Business is done principally on credit—money to be paid at some future date in return for services rendered or goods and merchandise delivered. If people have no faith in money having any value at that future date, they will not extend credit. Confidence is destroyed, depression settles down upon business, production ceases, and hard times and high prices prevail.

Depression in business curtails government revenues, and in order to meet expenses the governments issue more money, and the evils of inflation and depreciation are further emphasized and matters made worse. Round and round the circle they go, becoming constantly more involved, digging themselves deeper and deeper into a hole from which they are sure to find it increasingly difficult to climb out. Russia, for instance, seems to limit the amount of money in circulation only by the capacity of the printing-presses to turn it out, until Russian money is now scarcely worth the cost of the paper and press-work.

The situation in some of the European countries has improved during the past year, and the situation everywhere is not as black as we have painted it here. The English pound sterling, for example, is now worth about eighteen per cent more than it was a year ago. French, Belgian, and Swiss francs all show advances in the same period. Italian lira are quoted at twenty-five per cent more than a year ago. Dutch florins have gone up. The Norse, Danish, and Swedish crowns have all shown improvement. Spanish pesetas have risen from 12.92 cents to 15.30. In other words, there is cause for encouragement in many quarters. But what the world needs and must have is a return to the gold standard. Which is to say that all currency issued must be redeemable, and redeemable in terms of gold.

When the gold standard obtained throughout the world, the violent fluctuations in foreign exchange which we have been witnessing during the past few years were unheard of. A common standard of values obtained, and a merchant in New York or London or Shanghai could do business with all the rest

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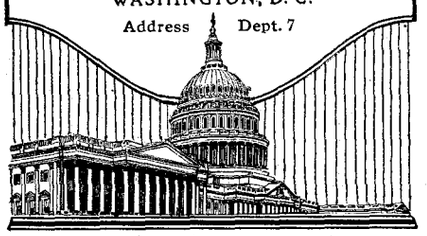

Are You An Investor?

During the past year the Financial Editor of The Outlook has helped hundreds of Outlook readers to solve intelligently their particular investment problems. Perhaps you are contemplating a shifting of your present holdings or have fresh funds to invest. In either case we shall be glad to give you specific information on any securities in which you may be interested. A nominal charge of one dollar per inquiry will be made for this special service.

The Outlook Financial Department
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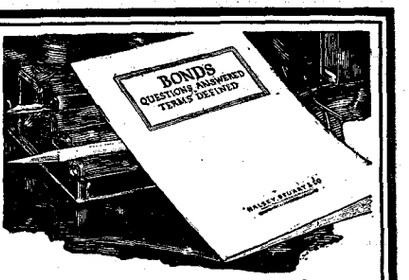
FINANCIAL DEPARTMENT
(*Continued*)

of the world on a sound basis and enter into contracts with justifiable reliance on exchange conditions insuring a profitable outcome of his transactions. At the present time foreign exchange is subject to such violent and sudden fluctuations that it is scarcely more than a gamble to try to predict its actions some time hence. Foreign trade is not only hindered, but in many cases is seriously crippled. Our export business, for example, has almost disappeared. Foreign currencies go such a little way when changed into dollars that no one can afford to buy from us.

Naturally this state of affairs is a handicap to the United States as well as to the other nations of the world. It is to our interest to see that the countries of Europe are placed on a going basis once more. In the case of many of them there seems no way but for them to cast aside their present currencies and start fresh. Otherwise they are almost certain to discover that the millstone of depreciated currency hanging around their necks is more than they can carry and they will find themselves sinking in a sea of paper money.

Think of these things when German marks look cheap to you and you are tempted to buy. Think of them when Russian bonds are offered you at "bargain" prices. Send money to Russia to help her starving people, but don't buy thousand-ruble bonds as an investment. A thousand rubles would scarcely be car-fare in Petrograd. Consider the kind of governments which exist in the European countries before you buy their bonds, and consider the kind of people too. Are they striving honestly and whole-heartedly to improve matters? Are they willing to undergo sacrifice for the good of their fatherlands and deny themselves that their country's condition may be bettered? Have they gone forward or backward during the year just passed?

It is said that the direct expenditures upon the war have not cost the peoples of Europe nearly as much as their paper currencies, nor thrown them into any greater state of disorder or caused them any more misery. Only recently has the world at large seemed to sense its peril. The economic strain of maintaining armaments is to be lessened if the news from Washington is not misleading. The Four-Power Treaty will do much to remove the menace of war from a war-sick world. International events seem to be impending which will prove really constructive forces in finance and business, and people generally are more optimistic than they were. And, after all, international events are the really important things now. If one is interested in seeing how the business and financial world interprets these events, he can find no better record than the fluctuations of foreign currencies. They indicate with pretty consistent accuracy just what is going on, and when foreign moneys advance in price that means improvement. Let us hope the recent advances will be continued and accelerated.



This Book
answers these questions authoritatively

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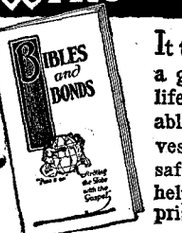

It tells how to receive a generous income for life: regular, unchangeable, non-taxable. Investment absolutely safe. Your money helps a Christian enterprise.

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25 Bible House
Astor Place, New York

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Address: ADVERTISING DEPARTMENT, THE OUTLOOK, 381 FOURTH AVENUE, NEW YORK CITY

Tours and Travel

The European Summer School
offers for 1922
Fifty Scholarships
of $200 each
in connection with its
Study Courses in Europe
Address: BUREAU OF UNIVERSITY TRAVEL
15 Boyd St., Newton, Mass.

EGYPT, PALESTINE—
Sail Jan. 10, Feb. 18 and March 4.
MADEIRA, GIBRALTAR, ALGIERS, MONACO, NAPLES, CAIRO, THE NILE, JERUSALEM, CONSTANTINOPLE, ATHENS.
EUROPE 1922
ITALY, SWITZERLAND, FRANCE, BELGIUM, HOLLAND, ENGLAND, THE PASSION PLAY.
Limited parties enrolling now.
TEMPLE TOURS 65A FRANKLIN ST., BOSTON, MASS.

EGYPT AND PALESTINE
Sailing March 4, 1922
H. W. DUNNING
Little Bldg. Boston, Mass.

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British Isles, Switzerland, Passion Play, Tyrol, Italian Lakes, France.
THE BEST MODERATE PRICED TOURS
WORTH WHILE TOURS Eleventh Season
821 Centre St., Boston 30, Mass.

THE beauty, fascination, and mystery of the Orient lures visitors from all over the world to
JAPAN
The quaintest and most interesting of all countries. Come while the old age customs prevail. Write, mentioning "Outlook" to
JAPAN HOTEL ASSOCIATION
Care Traffic Dept.
IMPERIAL GOVERNMENT RAILWAYS
TOKYO
for full information
Rates for a single room without bath and with 3 meals, $5–6 in cities and popular resorts, $4–5 in the country

EGYPT
and Mediterranean Lands with Dr. H. H. POWERS
Sailings Jan. 21, Feb. 18, Mar. 4
Special: a private steamer for Nile cruise, a scholarly leader, a course of interpretive talks and a leisurely tour.
Prices $1,790 and up
Other tours at lower rates
For details write:
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EUROPEAN TOURS
Popular Routes; Abundant Sightseeing; First Class Hotels; Skilled Interpretation of European Art, History, Literature, Music; Travel Schools for Intensive Language Study.
INTERCOLLEGIATE TOURS
65-A Franklin St., Boston, Mass.

Tours and Travel

EUROPE 1922
Organize a party and travel without expense.
BEACON TOURS
Little Bldg. Boston, Mass.

Europe Lady, experienced traveler, long resident Paris, will chaperon small party Paris and general travel. Sailing Jan. or Feb. Reasonable price. Refs. 6,143, Outlook.

FREE TRIP TO EUROPE will be given an organizer of a small party. Established 1900. BABCOCK'S TOURS, 13 Halsey St., Brooklyn.

Hotels and Resorts

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Wayside Inn NEW MILFORD, Litchfield, Co., Conn.
The foothills of the Berkshires. A restful place for tired people. Good food and a comfortable home. 2 hours from New York. Booklet A. Mrs. J. E. CASTLE, Proprietor.

FLORIDA

FLORIDA
The OSCEOLA INN and Cottages are directly adjoining the new Daytona golf links and situated in the midst of one of Florida's best-known orange groves. Here guests have all the privacy of real cottage life without its cares and troubles, together with the luxurious appointments of an up-to-date inn. Managers, Mmes. Gibson & Conway, Daytona, Fla.

The Valencia St. Augustine
and COTTAGES NOVEMBER to MAY

St. George's, Sutherland Pinellas Co. Florida
A Southern plantation, with all modern conveniences; located in a pine-forest, in the best part of Florida's justly famous climate; refreshing, restful; fine Southern table; own dairy and garden; outdoor life and recreation in the warm sunshine; an ideal place to spend the winter, especially for convalescents. Terms, very reasonable. Write for leaflet.

MASSACHUSETTS

THE WELDON HOTEL
GREENFIELD, MASS.
offers special winter rates for rooms, and will serve at a moderate price a Club Breakfast, Special Noonday Luncheon, and Evening Dinner. A series of weekly musicales and monthly dances given for the pleasure of our guests. For further particulars apply to
J. T. SELLER, Manager.

Rock Ridge Hall
WELLESLEY HILLS, MASS. (Near Boston)
Fine location. Hot and cold running water in nearly all bedrooms. Private baths. Sun-room. Our table a specialty. Terms moderate. Tel.

NEW JERSEY

"A GOOD PLACE TO BOARD"
La Vassar House
LAKEWOOD, N. J.
Select clientele - - Moderate rates.

NEW YORK CITY

HOTEL JUDSON 53 Washington Square
adjoining Judson Memorial Church. Rooms with and without bath. Rates $3.50 per day, including meals. Special rates for two weeks or more. Location very central. Convenient to all elevated and street car lines.

Hotels and Resorts

NEW YORK CITY

Hotel Le Marquis
12 East 31st Street
New York
Combines every convenience and home comfort, and commends itself to people of refinement wishing to live on American Plan and be within easy reach of social and dramatic centers.
Rates with Illustrated Booklet gladly sent upon request. KNOTT Management.

Hotel Webster
(Near 5th Avenue)
40 West 45th Street
NEW YORK
Directly in the fashionable club and shopping section. Within five minutes' walk to all principal theaters. A high-class hotel patronized by those desiring the best accommodations at moderate cost.
Rates and map gladly sent upon request.
JOHN P. TOLSON, Prop.

Hotel Hargrave
West 72d St., through to 71st St., New York
300 rooms, each with bath. Absolutely fireproof. One block to 72d St. entrance of Central Park. Comfort and refinement combined with moderate rates. Send for illustrated booklet J.

NORTH CAROLINA

Pinehurst
NORTH CAROLINA
Sunshine and the pines, good fellowship, true sport.
CAROLINA HOTEL now open
Holly Inn and Berkshire open early in January
Hotel rates substantially reduced
GOLF—SHOOTING—RACING—MOTORING—RIDING—DRIVING—TENNIS—AIRPLANING
Weather like late Fall in New England.
For Reservations or Information address:
General Office, PINEHURST, North Carolina

SOUTH CAROLINA

PINE RIDGE CAMP. Actually Mid the Pines. Ideal place for outdoor life in winter. Main house and cabins with sleeping porches. Modern improvements. Pure water. Excellent table. Rates moderate. Open all the year. Write Miss SANBORN or Miss CROCKER, Aiken, South Carolina.

EARLY GOLF and HUNTING
PINE FOREST INN and Cottages
SUMMERVILLE, S. C.
Fully open Dec. 1
Special December and January Tournaments. No snow—only sunshine and flowers. Superb 18-hole golf course. Quail, wild turkey, fox and deer hunting. Tennis. Saddle and carriage horses. WILLARD A. SENNA, Manager.

Health Resorts

The Bethesda White Plains, N. Y.
A private sanitarium for invalids and aged who need care. Ideal surroundings. Address for terms Alice Gates Bugbee, M.D. Tel. 241.

Health Resorts

Sanford Hall, est. 184
Private Hospital
For Mental and Nervous Diseas
Comfortable, homelike surroun ings; modern methods of treatmen competent nurses. 15 acres of law park; flower and vegetable garde Food the best. *Write for booklet.*
Sanford Hall Flushing New Yo

LINDEN The Ideal Place for Sick People to Get Well
Doylestown, Pa. An institution devoted to the personal study and specialized treatment of the invalid. Massage, Electricity, Hydrotherapy Apply for circular to
ROBERT LIPPINCOTT WALTER, M.D.
(late of The Walter Sanitarium)

Real Estate

FLORIDA

Indian River For Sale. 2 furnished cottage with running water, plun ing, sleeping porches. Plen of fruit. Salt water fishin Moderate prices 6,141, Outloc

Florida—Ormond by the Se
For Sale or Rent—New Stucco Fi ished House, six rooms, pantry, bath a porch, all modern improvements. Sale Pri Unfurnished, $6,000. Rent Price, Unfurnish $800 for the season. Rent Price, Furnish $1,000 for the season. Also 10-acre ORANG GROVE, 800 Bearing trees. Price $2,5
I. H. SAWYER, Topsfield, Mass.

GEORGIA

FOR SALE—2,200 ACRES
of as good land as there is in the South; high state of cultivation; located on National Highway from New York to Flori twenty-seven miles south of Macon, Georg If you want to do business, write me.
J. W. WOOLFOLK, Fort Valley, Ga

NEW JERSEY

FOR RENT to Small Family Adults from February 1, two-st house, furnished, 18 miles from New York rooms, bath and butler's pantry, all impro ments, screened porch, view, garden, trolle trains, perfect condition. Per month, $ References. Lock Box 209, Springfield, N

VIRGINIA

FOR SALE WILL SACRIFI
FOR CASH A MOST DESIRABL HOME. Comprises a new modernly bu and equipped nine room house located i 20-acre oak grove. Good garden, splen water, electric light and power. Delight climate, in heart of Blue Ridge Mountai Most desirable place for those seeking hea and rest. Many people have recently come to this section from North and West. Inqui solicited. J. M. STEPHENS, Montvale,

BUSINESS OPPORTUNITI
COOKING for PROFIT. Earn hands income; home cooked food, catering, room, etc. Correspondence course. School Home Economics, Chicago.

STATIONERY
UNUSUALLY desirable stationery for type of correspondence. 200 sheets grade note paper and 100 envelopes prin with your name and address postpaid $ Samples on request. Lewis, 284 Second A Troy, N. Y.

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BY THE WAY

An item in an article about the Oxford University Press published in the "American Printer" suggests a conservatism distinctly foreign to American practice. It reads: "Four or five buildings of the Oxford University Press are given over largely to the carrying of printed sheets, many of which have been printed nearly a hundred years. The oldest book of which sheets are still on hand was printed in 1750." One wonders how much longer these sheets will be carried while the Press is waiting for a new edition to be called for.

"You know what a difference a shave and a haircut make in your thoughts," observes the philosopher of the "Type Metal Magazine," discoursing of social problems. "You sit in a barber's chair, tired and depressed. A half hour later you get up, cheerful and optimistic, refreshed in mind and body. Suppose you shaved about once a week, bathed every other week, slept between dirty blankets in a room with five other men, ate greasy, badly cooked food, and worked in a shop that never had a thorough cleaning. You might join the 'reds' and protest against the government, but you would really be protesting against dirt and bad food."

"One of the greatest misfortunes that have befallen the Negro race in its entire history in America" was "burlesque on the stage." This rather surprising statement is made in a newly published "Social History of the American Negro," by Benjamin Brawley. This form of depreciation of the race, however, according to the author, began in England in 1768 in a play called "The Padlock," in which Mungo, a West Indian slave, appears as a drunken ne'er-do-well.

The exact origins of Negro minstrelsy in America, according to the above-named book, are not altogether clear. An "African Company," composed probably of amateurs, played in New York City in the early '20's of the last century; but it was in 1828 that Thomas

Inquiries at Seven Cents Each!

The following letter was recently received by the Classified Department of The Outlook, entirely unsolicited:

Gentlemen: The following figures might prove interesting to you. They are hardly comparative as they cover a constant eight months insertions in The Outlook and only single trial insertions in the other magazines, however my results from the first advt. I ran in The Outlook averaged as well as after six months.

Cost of each inquiry received from advertising in

The Outlook	$.07	The Independent	.80
Leslie's Weekly	.72	Literary Digest	1.88

Very truly yours,

Perhaps you are selling an article of merit through the mail. Would you like to secure orders at a cost of seven cents apiece? The advertiser quoted above has found the answer.

The advertising rate in this section is only ten cents per word.

Send us your advertisement before you forget about it.

THE OUTLOOK COMPANY
381 Fourth Avenue
New York City

EMPLOYMENT AGENCIES

WANTED—Competent teachers for public nd private schools. Calls coming every day. end for circulars. Albany Teachers' Agency, lbany, N. Y.

PLACEMENT BUREAU for employer and mployee: housekeepers, matrons, dietitians, overnesses, secretaries, mother's helpers, ttendants. 51 Trowbridge St., Cambridge, lass.

DESIRABLE prospects are being received r teachers available after Christmas and the ollowing September. Special terms for enollment. THE INTERSTATE TEACHERS' GENCY, Macheca Building, New Orleans, a.

TEACHERS wanted for emergency vacanes—public and private schools, colleges and niversities. Education Service, Southern uilding, Washington.

FOR THE HOME

GLUTEN BREAD for DIABETICS. We illsend parcel post, at 30c. plus zone rates of ostage, a palatable one pound loaf of gluten read, high in protein, low in starch. With tisfactory references furnished, will bill onthly, or you may remit several loaves in vance with refund if unsatisfactory. Mailg weight with wrappings two pounds. eferences: Guardian Savings & Trust Co., eveland. STRANAHAN BROS. CO., 421 perior W., Cleveland. O.

FANCY shelled peanuts, 4 lbs. $1 prepaid. isp, crunchy, delicious. Great fun roasting em. Recipes for candies and salted peanuts cluded. Chesterfield Plantation, Norfolk, Va.

FOR THE HOME

FAMILY trade wanted, strictly fresh, white eggs. Direct from producer, eight or sixteen dozen containers. Charles Phelps, Wilton, N. Y.

GAMES AND ENTERTAINMENTS

PLAYS, musical comedies and revues minstrel choruses, blackface skits, vaudeville acts, monologs, dialogs, recitations, entertainments, musical readings, stage handbooks, make-up goods. Big catalog free. T. S. Denison & Co., 623 So. Wabash, Dept. 74, Chicago.

HELP WANTED

Companions and Domestic Helpers

TRAINED cook or dietitian wanted. Small family. Near Detroit, Michigan. References. 786, Outlook.

WANTED — Young woman for general housework or mother's helper. References required. Mrs. Hartshorne, New Canaan, Conn.

WORKING housekeeper in school for seven backward pupils, where all household shares in domestic duty; applicants must have had at least high school education and possess teaching instinct and fondness for children; work required is mending, care of second floor, and cooking one day every week. Charlotte Hoskins Miner, South Orange, N. J. Tel. 774 S. O.

HELP WANTED

Teachers and Governesses

WANTED at once, lady governess, Protestant, not over thirty, good teacher, for girl 7. Country. Salary sixty dollars a month. Please send picture and reference. Box 15, Fairville, Chester Co., Pa.

SITUATIONS WANTED

Professional Situations

GRADUATE nurse (English) wishes resident or part time position, semi-invalid. Excellent references. 805, Outlook.

Business Situations

HELP!—Young man, college graduate, stuck in Mid-Western town, wants job. Anything. 808, Outlook.

Companions and Domestic Helpers

HIGH class German, graduate nurse, good traveler, without relatives, excellent manager of households, useful companion, lady or gentleman. Unquestionable references. 653, Outlook.

SITUATION as companion or caretaker in country house. 775, Outlook.

YOUNG lady of refinement wishes position as traveling or home companion. References. Address H. E., Gen. Del., Wilmington, N. C.

WANTED — Position as housekeeper in settlement house or assistant to housekeeper in woman's club or girls' school. Best of references. 806, Outlook.

SITUATIONS WANTED

Companions and Domestic Helpers

NURSE-companion desires to go to California this winter. Highest references. 801, Outlook.

MISCELLANEOUS

MISS Guthman, New York shopper, will shop for you, services free. No samples. References. 309 West 99th St.

WANTED—Invalid, defective, or elderly people to board. W., Pawling, N. Y.

BOYS wanted. 500 boys wanted to sell The Outlook each week. No investment necessary. Write for selling plan, Carrier Department, The Outlook Company, 381 Fourth Ave., New York City.

AMERICAN lady of refinement going South in January will give services as chaperon or companion for traveling expenses paid. References exchanged. 796, Outlook.

SHAKESPEARE—How many questions could you answer on Shakespeare? Consult the game "A Study of Shakespeare." Endorsed by best authorities. Instructive and entertaining. Price 50 cents. The Shakespeare Club, Camden, Me.

CHILD hampered by spastic paralysis (Little's disease) will be cared for and taught with group of children similarly afflicted. Cannot take child absolutely helpless or over ten years of age. Physicians' references. 803, Outlook.

GRAMMAR—Teach by a method that children understand. Use Sharp's "Elements of English Grammar." $1.25. B., Milmay, N. J.

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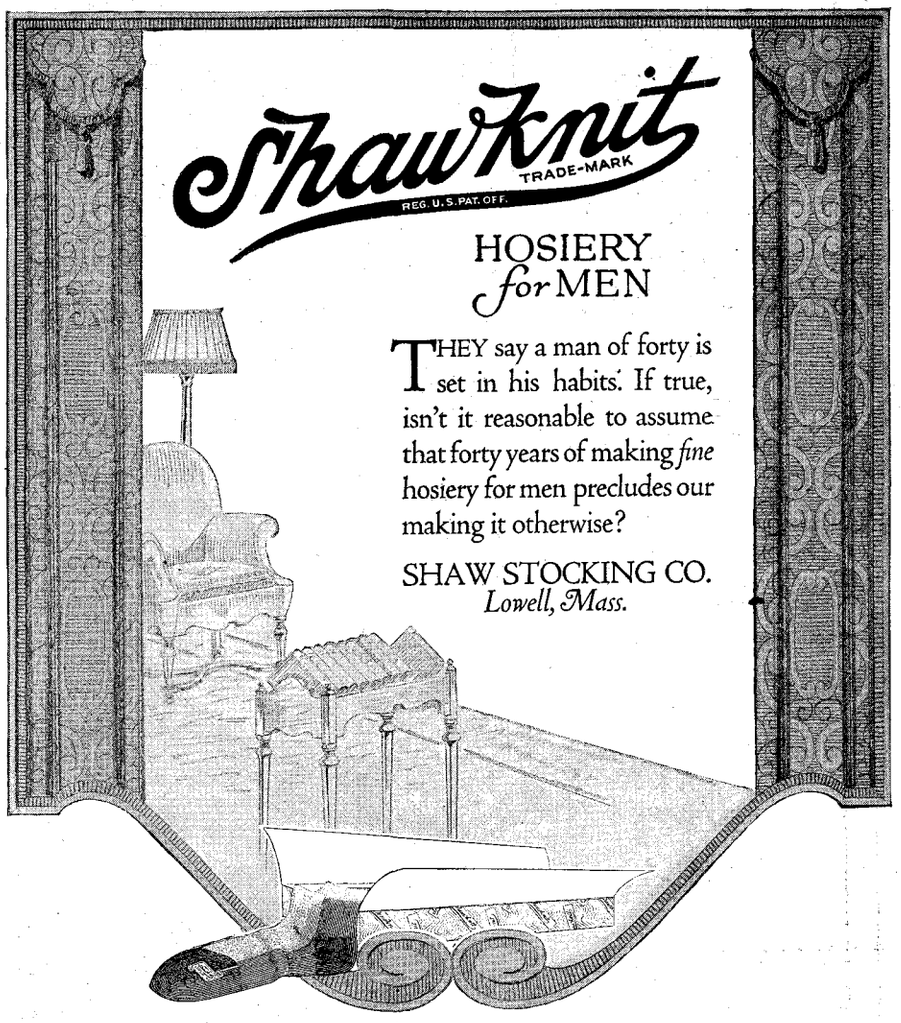
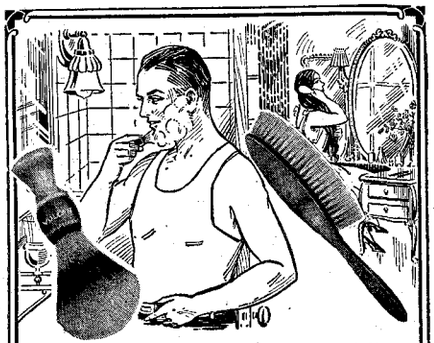

Shawknit
TRADE-MARK
REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.
HOSIERY
for MEN
THEY say a man of forty is set in his habits. If true, isn't it reasonable to assume that forty years of making fine hosiery for men precludes our making it otherwise?
SHAW STOCKING CO.
Lowell, Mass.

Selected Gospel Hymns
A new book just issued. 271 Hymns and Scripture Readings selected from the famous
MOODY & SANKEY GOSPEL HYMNS 1 to 6
A handy volume in durable cloth binding.
$50 per 100 **Carriage extra**
The Biglow & Main Co., 156 5th Ave., N. Y.



WHITING-ADAMS BRUSHES
Vulcan Rubber Cemented Shaving Brushes **make shaving a pleasure. They wear for many years.**
Invincible Hair Brushes. **Strong, stiff bristles. Beautiful wood, richly finished. Very popular with lovers of good brushes.**
Send for Illustrated Literature
JOHN L. WHITING-J. J. ADAMS CO.
BOSTON, U.S.A.
Brush Manufacturers for Over 112 Years and the Largest in the World

HONOR ROLLS MEMORIALS AND TABLETS IN BRONZE
SEND · FOR · FREE · BOOKLET · OF · DESIGNS
JOHN · POLACHEK · BRONZE · & · IRON · CO.
DEPT G 474 HANCOCK ST., LONG ISLAND CITY, N.Y.

FREE BOOKS
By Emanuel Swedenborg

Endowed for that purpose, this Society offers to send you, without cost or obligation other than 5 cents EACH for mailing, the following works of Swedenborg:

Heaven and Hell	**632 pp.**
Divine Providence	**629 pp.**
The Four Doctrines	**635 pp.**
Divine Love and Wisdom	**618 pp.**

Each book is printed in large type on good paper, and is substantially bound in stiff paper cover.
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Room 780, 3 W. 29th Street, New York

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Brooks' Appliance, the modern scientific invention, the wonderful new discovery that relieves rupture, will be sent on trial. No obnoxious springs or pads.
MR. C. E. BROOKS
Brooks' Rupture Appliance
Has automatic Air Cushions. Binds and draws the broken parts together as you would a broken limb. No salves. No lies. Durable, cheap. Sent on trial to prove it. Protected by U. S. patents. Catalog and measure blanks mailed free. Send name and address today.
Brooks Appliance Co., 471H State St., Marshall, Mich.

BY THE WAY
(Continued)

D. Rice started the Negro minstrel craze. His famous song, "Jim Crow," celebrated an actual slave of that name, who sang a song with the refrain:

Wheel about, turn about,
Do jis so,
An' ebery time I wheel about
I jump Jim Crow.

In 1842 the "Virginia Minstrels" made their formal début in New York on February 17, one of their songs being the afterwards world-famous "Dixie." "Christy's Minstrels" did not begin their New York career until 1846.

What is believed to be the longest regularly assigned run in the United States for steam passenger locomotives, according to the "Railway Age," was inaugurated by the Missouri, Kansas, and Texas Railway on November 6. Oil fuel having recently been adopted on the line between Dennison, Texas, and Parsons, Kansas, the plan has been adopted of operating two of the heaviest trains on the line with a single locomotive each way between San Antonio and Parsons, a distance of 678 miles. These trains regularly handle from ten to twelve cars and frequently are required to handle extra cars. They have been operated on time since the establishment of the long run.

Archdeacon Whateley was having an argument with a friend, as related in a book of anecdotes, and the friend said: "One cannot argue with you, for you will never admit one's premises. I don't believe that you would admit without argument that two and two make four." "Certainly not," said the Archdeacon. "For instance, they might make 22."

The famous Kutub Minar, in Delhi, India, of which a picture by Elmendorf appears on our front cover this week, is described in E. B. Havell's "Indian Architecture" as follows:

> The great Tower of Victory known as the Qutb Minar . . . belongs to a class of monument in which the Hindus excelled; though this one is a Saracenic modification of the Indian type. . . . They were no doubt derived from Buddhist structures, which again may have had their prototypes in Babylonia and Assyria. The three finely proportioned lower stories of the Qutb Minar, which were probably designed by masons from Ghazni, belong to the original tower; their exceeding beauty is greatly marred by the upper part, which is a badly conceived restoration and addition of the Sultan Firuz Shah (1351–88). A "classical" cupola added to the summit by a [British] Public Works engineer in the early part of the nineteenth century has fortunately been removed.

"What makes you so black, 'Tilda?" asked Mary Jane of the little colored girl, as reported in a humorous weekly. "Huh!" said 'Tilda, "you'd be black too, if you was born at midnight, in a dark room, and had a black fadder and a black mammy."

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